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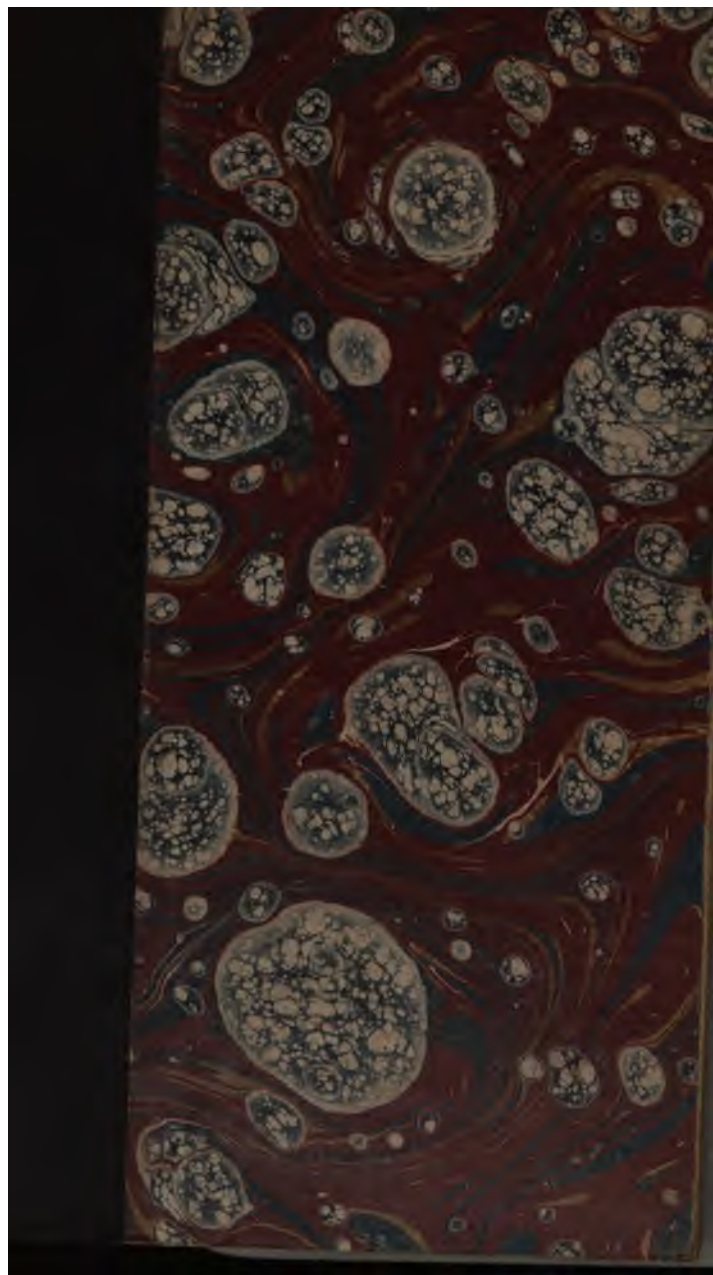
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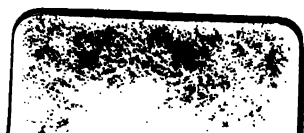
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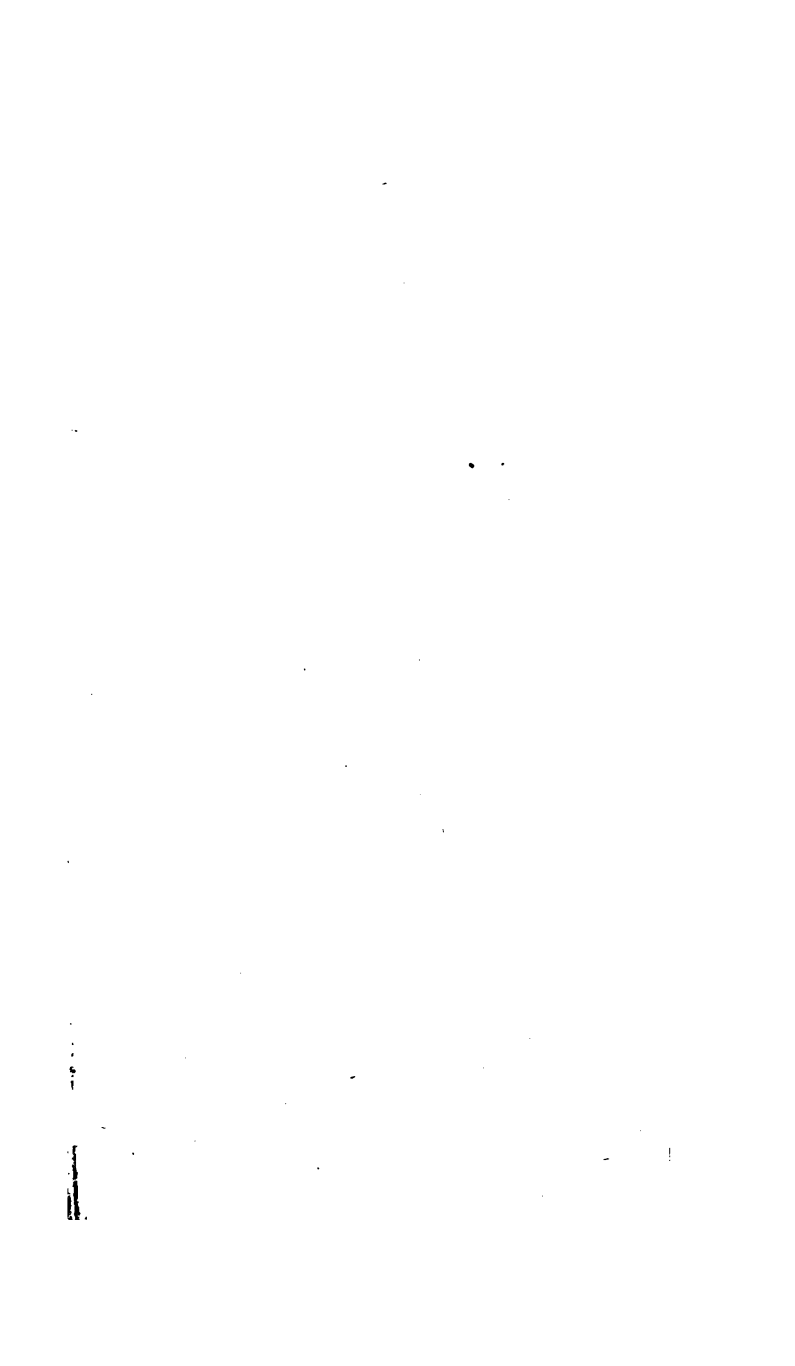
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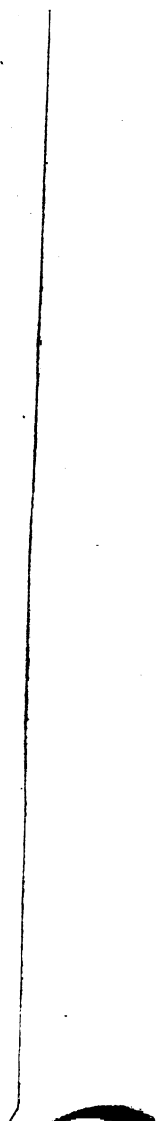
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1. 12 11 11

CHRISTIAN SONGS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

THE EVIDENCE AND IMPORT

OF

CHRIST'S RESURRECTION

VERSIFIED,



FOR THE HELP OF THE MEMORY.

*From the uttermost part of the Earth have we heard Songs,
Glory to the RIGHTEOUS ONE. Isa. xxiv. 16.*

THE SIXTH EDITION.

P E R T H :

Printed by R. MORISON JUN.
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T O T H E P U B L I C.

THE first Edition of a Collection of Christian Songs, used by Churches of Christ, scattered thro' Britain and America, was published in the year 1749, since which time, it hath passed thro' four later Editions, so that the following is now the Sixth.

The Churches who are concerned in these Songs, have observed with considerable surprise, that some *Religious Societies* in this Country, have taken upon them to republish several Songs in their Collection. — Had they preserved their Songs entire, there would have been the less ground for complaint: But they have so mutilated, *manufactured*, and abused them, as appears (to say no worse of it) at least, very indiscreet, — neither justice nor decency, can support them in the freedoms they have used with them. In the following Edition, those who choose to look into it, (they persuade themselves) will find many material corrections; and also, with double the number of Songs contained in some of the former Editions, at a much cheaper rate too than formerly.

Those who have not such an ear for Music, as may enable them to pitch on particular Tunes, suited to the different measures in which these Songs are written, and who do not place Religion in the *air* of a tune, will find an Index at the end, which it is hoped, will prove useful.



The EVIDENCE and IMPORT of CHRIST'S
RESURRECTION, verified, for the help
of the Memory.

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

'TIS not a thing incredible *John Glas*
I'm called to believe ;
That God should raise the dead, whose pow'r
Hath made us be and live.

2 'Tis not so hard for me to know
How God should us restore
From death, as to perceive how sin,
And death came in before.

3 'Tis easier to credit this ;
Than hope, if sin remain
Unpurged ; or for pardon look,
If death for ever reign.

4 When I survey the evidence
Which serves the fact to shew,
That Christ was raised from the dead,
I find it fair and true.

PART I. SECT. I.

THE witnesses were not deceiv'd, *John Glas*
By fancy or by fraud ;
They mov'd, and held by ev'ry doubt,
Till glaring truth forbade.

2 For forty days, from time to time,
He unto those appear'd,
Who knew him best before his death ;
They saw, they felt, they heard.

3 With jealous eyes, and ears, they all,
In company, him try'd ;

6. THE EVIDENCE AND IMPORT

Oft with him ate and drank ; and thus
Were fully satisfy'd.

4 When by the scriptures he their minds
Of this mistake reliev'd,
That Christ should be an earthly prince ;
They saw and they believ'd.

5. Suppose his friends, who mourn'd his death,
Too fond, too easy all ;
No thought like this can touch the case
Of persecuting SAUL ;

6 Whose honour, conscience, ev'ry thing
That's dearest to mankind,
Fix'd him in mortal spite 'gainst all
Who to the faith inclin'd.

John Gyles

SECT. II.

NOR did they cunningly devise
A fable to deceive
Mankind, so credulous what sooths
Their passions to believe.

2 This task had been as hard for them,
As from the guards to steal
The body, or for sleeping guards
To see what then befel.

3 They were not fit for such a task ;
Too many, and too rude,
To manage such a plot, before
The prying multitude

4 Of Jews and Gentiles, both combin'd,
As their own int'rest led,
If possible, to manifest
That Jesus still was dead.

5. Nor can I think what gain or prize
They in the world propos'd;
Impostors in their schemes have still
Their int'rests fast inclos'd.

6 In face of shame, of pain, of death,
They boldly testify'd;
All hope, but of eternal life,
They chearfully deny'd.

7 No pride of knowledge could be fed
By telling such a tale;
Religious honour there confin'd
Was to the *Jewish* zeal:

8 Why then did *Paul* the zealous scribe,
Forake the strictest sect,
And leave the learn'd, to follow men
Held base in each respect?

John Glas SECT. III.

HOW did the fishers speak with tongues
Of all the nations round?
Where all at once such liberty,
And boldness had they found?

2. Why did the pow'r that Jesus rais'd
Appear as he foresaid?
As they believ'd his word, so was
That promis'd pow'r display'd;

3. In mighty signs and wonders done
Before the eyes of all;
And that same pow'r they witness'd of,
Was ready at their call.

4. Why did the pow'r of God, in signs,
Call on the world to hear?

8 THE EVIDENCE AND IMPORT

These men bear witness of that fact,
If false it could appear?

5 Did God to rogues or madmen lend
His wonder-working pow'r?
Was ever cheat, or raving tale,
So own'd of God before?

John Glas S E C T. IV.

HOW could the fishers' testimony
Explain the prophecies,
Far better than the doctrine taught
By *Scribes* and *Pharisees*?

2 No other thing they testify'd,
But what had been foretold
In *Isr'el's* law; its mysteries
Their witness did unfold.

3 The Rabbis' sense of their own law
Unworthy was of God;
The *Galileans* clear'd the book,
And all divine it show'd.

4 The scope of all the prophets forth
In their report they bring,
Concerning Jesus' sufferings,
And glory following.

5 Their story of his life and death
Draws that MESSIAH true;
And so divine a character
Man's wisdom never drew!

John Glas S E C T. V.

HOW could the divine glory shine,
And ev'ry property

If Godhead shew itself so bright
In a contrived lie !

Forgiving mercy, grace, and love,
In Jesus fully shine ;
O less God's judgment 'gainst all sin,
And sov'reignty divine :

His truth, his wisdom, are display'd
With his almighty pow'r :
O fact or word did ever shew
So much of God before.

This fact demands with awful pow'r,
My faith, yea faith divine ;
It declares to me, O God !
The glory that is thine.

As I believe I see thee near :
The sight quells all my pride ;
O worldly lust can shelter here,
Nor in thy sight abide.

Thus the apostles witnessed
The very word of God ;
Heir testimony bare his name
Thro' all the world abroad.

John Glas S E C T. VI.

THEY wrote their testimony down
For future ages then,
Tradition's frauds all to prevent,
By their well-guided pen.

In the New Test'ment ; where we find
The monstrous things foretold,
Which worldly men have built on it,
And how they would it mold,

10 THE EVIDENCE AND IMPORT

3 To serve their int'rests in this life,
Their honour, wealth, and ease;
A worldly kingdom from the cross
Of Jesus Christ to raise!

4 Th' apostles writings, in the hands
Of such ungodly men,
For many ages hidden lay,
And kept from vulgar ken.

5 Yet it was never in their pow'r
That scripture to destroy:
But still it stands; and nothing can
Their kingdom more annoy.

6 God's marv'llous providence o'er it,
Preserv'd it thus entire,
And in the several languages
Made it again appear;

7 To testify 'gainst all the ways
The clergy ever took:
To blind the world, and raise themselves;
Their doom stands in their book.

8 Ev'n as th' Old Testament (from whence
New-Test'ment scripture shews
The truth of what it testifies)
Is sacred held by *Jews*;

9 These spiteful enemies of Christ,
Who stupidly maintain
The credit of the book, which shews
Christ dy'd, and rose again;

10 That race so long without a place,
That nation not yet past,
*A standing sign is, that the words
Of Christ shall ever last:*

- 11 So in the *Roman* kingdom broke,
The clergy's strange empire,
(Which to consume, God's providence
And word do now conspire,)
- 12 Most evidently hath fulfill'd
The scriptures, Old and New,
Which speak so much of Antichrist,
And shews the whole is true.
- 13 They from the clergy's ways who take
Occasion to blaspheme
The way of truth, and scoffers are
Under the Christian name;
- 14 These walking after their own lusts,
God's works and patience still
Construe against his word; but thus
The scripture they fulfil.

PART II.

THUS ev'ry thing conspires to shew,
That Jesus is alive:
From this his whole religion doth
A certainty derive.

John Grew S E C T. I.

- HIS resurrection him declares
The just and holy One,
Who dy'd a sacrifice for sin,
Since he himself knew none.
- 2 It shews that from the guilt of all
Those sins for which he dy'd,
He was discharg'd, the law fulfill'd,
And justice satisfy'd.

So join'd to them, that, in his name,
A right to all this love they claim.

13 But, first, they're doom'd for sin to woe,
That he for them might undergo
Their curse, and so might fully prove
Th' infinite *jealousy* of Love :

14 And at the same time manifest
Mercy relieving the distressed ;
Mercy, all sov'reign, and all free,
Saving from boundless misery.

15 He's unto them the fruit of love,
The *gift* which can its greatness prove ;
And ev'ry gift which grace bestows
Is GOD-like as from him it flows.

16 And he's the *object* ; it goes forth
On them made perfect in his worth ;
All built in him, one mansion meet,
Where God's love ever dwells complete.

17 Let *Wisdom*, therefore, be his name ;
The spring of wisdom him proclaim :
Call him the *Word* who can express
God's goodness all, and fully bless.

18 Call him the Father's only Son,
Son of his love ; in him alone
The *Spirit's* fulness all can dwell,
Who is our great *Immanuel*.

Robert S O N G V. *Paraclete*

FOOLS worship gods who hate not sin,
Nor saving power have :
Our God, the living and the true,
Can both be just and save.

24 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

- 2 The *just God* and the *Saviour*, is
His character alone :
His throne is fix'd in righteousness,
And Grace reigns on the throne.
- 3 Man's life, which in God's favour lyes,
Is stung to death by sin ;
All his attempts to heal himself
The deadly sting drive in :
- 4 That God who wounds, alone can heal
The mortal wound he gave :
In Jesus, dead and rais'd, we see
God's pow'r and skill to save.
- 5 Hast thou to buy the just God's grace ?
Or know'st thou what to give ?
First Justice slew his only Son,
Ere Grace could make us live.
- 6 Know, then, on no precarious ground
Stand Grace and Life to men ;
For life now reigns in God's dear Son,
For us by Justice slain.
- 7 This is the only true God ; this
Is life eternal, sure :
Then, little children, keep yourselves
From ev'ry idol pure.

SONG VI. PART I. *Leighton*

ETERNAL love's the darling song,
Well-pleasing to JEHOVAH's ear ;
Attend, ye sav'd, ye pardon'd throng,
With all your grateful harps draw near ;

- 2 'Tis yours to sing th' eternal date
Of love divine, and how it moves

- To helpless man, with gladness great :
Sing loud, for God the song approves.
- 3 Hail, *Bethleh'm!* hail! that ruddy morn,
Whose rays adorn the infant God,
JEHOVAH of a virgin born,
Who righteousness and life bestow'd.
- 4 For us salvation wide displays
Her ample all-refreshing wing ;
Safe in the shade, that love we praise,
And all its peerless glories sing :
- 5 We sing the garden and the tree,
Red with the blood which cries for peace ;
Heav'n echoes back, I'm pleas'd in thee ;
And Wrath to Mercy now gives place.
- 6 From this dread object flows our joy,
Here all the majesty, and worth,
And love of God, without alloy,
In brightest splendor do shine forth.
- 7 We sing a note that high prevails,
Above the angels free from sin ;
Who cannot taste the cure which heals
The deadly smart of wrath divine.
- 8 As food the hungry soul relieves,
As choice perfumes delight the smell ;
So Mercy from the cross revives
Man sinking in the jaws of hell :
- 9 The wonders of Christ's blood arise
Bright in the drooping wretches view :
Astonish'd with the dear surprize,
His joyful transport who can shew?

*William*PART II. *Leighton*

THY love, O Jesus! is a theme
Which never never old shall grow :
All ages of the church proclaim
How sweetly did its numbers flow :

2 Down from the birth of infant Time,
Thro' *Eve*, *Abra'am*, and *David's* line,
Thy love doth run in strains sublime,
And running with new glories shine ;

3 Till thou wast found a babe, O God!
When angels throng'd to join our lay ;
Until thy love, in streams of blood,
Did all its wealthy store display.

4 At thy ascent, the spacious heav'n
All round re-echo'd with this theme,
When from the throne the word was giv'n,
“ Let all the angels praise his name.”

5 At thy return, eternal fame
From all the saints shall sound to thee,
On banks of *Eden's* cheering stream,
Beneath the life-restoring tree.

*William*PART III. *Leighton*

THY love makes us count all things loss,
To scorn'd poverty gives charms ;
Makes martyrs bold ev'n on the cross,
And, singing triumph, reach thy arms.

2 When thy love glows upon the heart,
Disgrace forgets her shocking name,
Afflictions lose their deadly smart,
And Patience smiles amidst the flame ;

3 Salvation sounds from racks and stakes,
 Hope blunts the sword's devouring edge;
 Severest torture joy partakes,
 Of heav'nly bliss the welcome pledge.

4 Broad heav'n and earth shall sing of thee.
 And their melodious numbers raise:
 We'll make thy name rememb' red be,
 Th' eternal centre of all praise.

5 Sing all ye bright angelic pow'rs;
 Ye sons of Mercy, praise your King;
 The burden of the song is yours:
 Let wide creation chorus sing,

6 And, O! to join that heav'nly strain,
 Admit poor us, who say no more,
 But, *Jesus dy'd, and rose again*;
 And all our toil for life is o'er.

Clear SONG VII. *Glass*

DESCEND, fair Hope, (tho' heav'nly born,
 Thou visit'st human race),
 And let us in thy sacred glass
 Survey our Saviour's face.

2 Let songs for ever crown that morn,
 When, new to life again,
Immanuel rose, and sent thee down,
 Full fraught with life to men.

3 Tho' man, in *Eden*, was of old
 With heav'nly visits blest;
 More happy they to dwell with whom
 Descends this heav'nly guest:

4 For them a fairer *Eden* shines,
 And on their wond'ring eyes

On wife, on fools, on great, on small;
The mountains level, raise the vales.

9 Regard not how the news may please
The sons of pride, who make their boast
Of Wisdom, wealth, and worldly ease;
Nor think your labour will be lost.

10 Dream not in all th' apostate race,
A well-disposed heart to find,
To welcome or improve my grace:
Hope nothing from the human mind.

11 The great reward of all my pain
Stands not on such precarious ground:
Thus not one soul should life obtain;
Thus all my pangs were fruitless found.

Robert PART II. *Sinnerman*

HE who surveys the heart of man,
Who testifies 'tis only ill,
Would ne'er have form'd his saving plan,
On ought depending on man's will.

2 God, *in his mercy*, purpos'd hath,
(And God's salvation standeth sure)
To bless all nations; and my death
Hath made their blessedness secure.

3 All my redeem'd *sure* mercies boast:
For so his will who sent me is,
Of all I've giv'n let none be lost;
But raise them to eternal bliss.

4 The glad report, my soul, embrace;
The bless'd decree, my soul, adore;
Here may I all my comfort place,
When heart and flesh can aid no more.

46 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

5 Away with that redemption lame,
Which with salvation is not crown'd ;
I scorn the narrow-bounded scheme ;
My soul abhors th' insipid sound.

6 How vain that universal grace,
Which doth no certain bliss bestow ;
Which leaves the universal race
Expos'd to universal woe !

7 The grace of God in Jesus shown,
Most sure salvation brings along ;
Salvation to our God alone,
Of ev'ry tribe shall be the song.

8 Is any heart so black, so foul,
Excluded here ? 'Tis surely mine :
But who's that narrow-hearted soul
God's common safety dares confine ?

9 Who dares confine it unto them,
Who boast a will dispos'd t' embrace ?
Who boast a mind of better frame
• T' improve the influence of his grace ?

10 Who can by merit God prevent ?
Let him stand forth for recompence :
But, Lord, for ever, ever grant
Preventing grace be my defence.

11 Be that redemption mine for ay,
Which from the dreadful curse doth free ;
That, with the whole redeem'd I may,
The praise of all ascribe to thee.

SONG XXII. *Black*

HE who would enter into life,
Must first himself deny.

CHRISTIAN SONGS. 47

As lost in *Adam*, self-destroy'd,
And justly doom'd to die.

2 No pray'rs nor tears can aid us here,
All human worth must fail;
No godly thoughts, nor warm desires
Nor feelings ought avail.

3 God says, In my beloved Son
I fully am well pleas'd.
The sinner hears, and credits this;
And so his soul is eas'd.

4 Then love to God in Jesus Christ,
To all his saints, and words,
Confirms, and proves unfeigned faith,
And joyful hope affords.

5 Thus, Lord, let us thy word believe:
Grant us the love of God;
And when our hearts and strength do fail,
With thee be our abode.

Robert Sandeman

S O N G XXIII. ISAIAH, chap. xi. xii.

FROM *Jesse's* humble stem shall shoot
A glorious branch; but first lopt off
It shall be from its native root,
Then for an ensign rais'd aloft.

2 Upon Mount *Zion* he shall sit;
His voice shall reach remotest lands;
At hearing, nations shall submit,
And, list'ning, wait his dear commands.

3 His lips drop wisdom; righteousness,
And truth divine, begird his loins;
And with abundant peace, he'll bless
The happy folk o'er whom he reigns.

48 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

- 4 No hurtful beasts shall then annoy,—
All jarring feuds shall melt away ;
The child shall with the viper toy ;—
The lambs with lions frisk and play.
- 5 Then shall he set the poor on high,
And part the righteous from the vile :
No gloomy storm shall rend the sky,
But an eternal day shall smile.
- 6 Thou, prince, shalt sing in that blest'd age,
JEHOVAH, I'll thy praise make known.
Thy word's fulfill'd ; take up thy pledge,
And claim thy being as thine own :
- 7 Because thy wrath against me burn'd,
My folks sins fiercely to reprove ;
Because thy wrath away is turn'd,
And thou hast me solac'd with love.
- 8 God my salvation is ; behold,
And share with me, my ransom'd throng ;
Beyond all fear, I'll now be bold,
JEHOVAH is my strength and song.
- 9 Here let your feasted eyes remain ;
See ! God is my salvation :
Now I'm refresh'd from all my pain,
To see his glory rais'd thereon.
- 10 His glorious perfections all,
So wondrously summ'd up in love,
Now, to my soul, once serv'd with gall,
An ocean full of pleasure prove.
- 11 Ye meek ones, from the fount of bliss,
Which without measure in me dwells,
*Draw now salvation to your wish,
As from so many living wells,*

12 And ye shall sing in that glad day;
Praise ye JEHOVAH; let his name,
Who is the great I AM, your stay,
Be ever your delightful theme:

13 And make his works done mightily,
Among all people to be known;
And ever keep in memory,
His name exalted is alone.

14 JEHOVAH sing, the man of war,
Whose right hand hath done valiantly,
Amazing deeds, excelling far
The wonders wrought at the *Red sea*.

15 And this in all the earth is known:
Rejoice with shouts, O *Zion's* bride;
For great is *Isr'el's* Holy One,
Within thy courts who doth reside.

Willm S O N G XXIV. *Leighton*

LET the faints all rejoice and exult in their king,
To Jesus with shouting and melody sing;
For sinners' redemption his life's blood he gave,
And the faithful true witness will never deceive.

2 His blood's all your boasting, his blood shed for you;
With confidence trust him,—his words are all true;
For he seal'd with his blood ev'ry promise he gave,
And the faithful true witness will never deceive.

3 He promis'd a crown, when he left you the cross,
And he with a kingdom rewards all your loss:
To glory he leads, while close to him you cleave,
And the faithful true witness will never deceive.

4 How glorious to follow our dear suff'ring God?
Thro' great tribulation, the path which he trod!
His faithful redeem'd in that path follow'd have,
And the faithful true witness did never deceive.

5 When he calls you afflictions and sorrows to bear,
He feels these afflictions; he wipes ev'ry tear:
Thro' fire and thro' water he never will leave,
For the faithful true witness will never deceive.

6 He promis'd more grace, that you fall not away,
And his blood is plighted for your life for ay;
He lives wholly for you, what more can you crave?
And the faithful true witness will never deceive.

7 His word stands most sure, *I come quickly again,*
He now waits to hear you resound your *Amen*:
Of that hope of glory he'll never bereave,
For the faithful true witness will never deceive.

8 That he'll change your vile body he caus'd you to hope,
Like his glorious body he shall raise you up.
All shining in glory, redeem'd from the grave;
And the faithful true witness will never deceive.

John 21 S O N G X X V. *Gloria*

THOU Lion of *Jehudah's* tribe,
Thou root of *David*, who's like thee!

To whom all creatures must ascribe

Of worth divine th' excellency:

O Lamb of God! who once wast slain,

But now appear'st amidst the throne,
From death by thy blood brought again,

We sing thy worthiness alone:

Where others fail for want of worth,

In strength thy glory there shines forth.

2 Thou only worthy art to take

The book, and open all its seals,

For thou wast slain, and for thy sake

Are all the things that book reveals:

Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,

From ev'ry tribe and ev'ry tongue,

Nation and people, unto God,

As his own portion them among;

We're consecrated, by thy blood,
A royal priesthood to our God.

3 That book foretels a glorious reign
For us upon the earth with thee,
When we from death are brought again,
And nations all shall broken be :
Thou wilt fulfil whate'er it says,
Of suff'rings first, of glory then :
Each event the seal'd book displays,
Doth hasten thee to us again,
To make us reign with thee as kings,
And evermore possess all things.

Robert S O N G XXVI. *Lawrence*

A WAKE, O Zion's daughter ! rise ;
Shake off thy dust ; no more repine ;
Let gladness sparkle in thine eyes,
In all thy fairest garments shine.

2 Behold thy King, expected long,
In humble pomp at length appears ;
Amidst yon praising infant-throng,
His meek majestic head he rears.

3 No fiery steed he rides ; he sways
No tinsel rod of earthly reign :
A colt, ne'er us'd 'till now, conveys
To thee thy lowly Prince divine.

4 Here's no vain croud, no gaudy shew :
Babes, taught of heav'n, resound his praise ;
His paths the *Galileans* strow
With branches of triumphing peace.

5 With ardent zeal to crown the law,
He enters grand ! see there he is !

52 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

His presence strikes a gen'ral awe ;
The wonder circles, Who is this ?

6 He visits now his Father's house,
And shews himself the son and heir ;
He frowns away all vile abuse,
Smiles on his babes who praise him there.

7 This first day of the week, he shews
A pledge of joys before unknown,
When he should rise, and wide diffuse
The oil of joy among his own.

8 The blind and lame by him reliev'd,
His saving light and strength proclaim ;
His foes with shame and spite are griev'd,
To see his works and hear his fame.

9 Hosanna ! thronging myriads shout,
JEHOVAH brings salvation nigh :
Hosanna ! ev'ry babe crys out,
JEHOVAH, send prosperity.

10 To him, who, in JEHOVAH's name,
Draws nigh to save, all praise belongs :
Peace reigns in heav'n with ev'ry beam
Of glory in the Highest Ones.

11 Salvation unto *David's* son ;
All blessing unto *Isr'el's* King :
His kingdom blessed be alone,
And blest'd the people of his reign.

12 To praise the just and saving King,
How blest'd to be a little child !
When he in glory comes to reign,
Then all his babes shall kings be stil'd.

13 In all the earth how worthy is,
JEHOVAH, our dear Lord, thy name !

From infant-lips thou perfect'st praise,
Thy strength, to put thy foes to shame.

Robert S O N G XXVII. *Landeman*

SEE yonder cross! come, turn aside,
And this great sight behold:
The veh'ment flames of wrath divine
On Christ the man take hold.

2 This bush did burn 'midst fiercest flames;
Yet unconsum'd it stood:
The man Almighty wrath sustains;
Because the man was God.

3 A while his body lifeless lay,
To shew the flame was dire;
But uncorrupted soon it rose;
His body quench'd the fire.

4 That hour, on all his church unite
With him, the flame did rush;
And not a branch nor twig was burnt,
For God was in the bush.

5 Tho' guilt, in all your suff'rings, makes
You brambles for the fire;
Yet God, in midst of you, preserves
From all that wrath entire.

6 Then follow Christ 'midst floods and flames;
With him go dauntless thro':
Nor floods, nor flames, repell'd the love
He, gracious, bare to you.

7 Are ye like *Isr'el*, well nigh crush'd
With burdens, sins, and foes?
To clear your path, he'll part the deeps
And on your en'mies close.

54 CHRISTIAN. SONGS.

8 Shrink not altho' the furnace burn
With seven times heated flame;
The Son of God will tend you there,
Who suff'ring overcame.

9 He quickly comes, from all your pains
To give you blest'd repose:
And then, with pow'rful hand, he'll turn
The flame upon your foes.

Thomas SONG XXVIII. *Glas*

WHEN to my sight, thou GOD, appears,
I'm fill'd with sudden fear,
Thy justice, with uplifted arm,
O'erwhelms me with despair.

2 The former signs of grace no more
Relieve my troubled heart;
And past experiences of love
Add torture to my smart.

3 What shall I do? my pray'rs and tears
Are impious in thy sight:
I am remov'd from thee as far
As darkness from the light.

4 Is there no room for mercy left?
Is grace for ever gone?
I'll mind the years of thy right hand,
And wonders thou hast done:

5 How to be one with sons of men,
Immanuel did not scorn;
And how from *Mary's* virgin womb
The holy child was born:

6 I'll mind the greatness of that love
Which in his breast did burn,

When all the wrath of God for sin.
Upon his soul did turn.

7 When God's own well beloved Son
Went mourning to the grave,
And dy'd accurs'd for sin; that grace
Might dying sinners save:

8 See from the dead the Prince of life
In glory bright appears!
No further proof of love I'll seek;
This quiets all my fears:

9 This stream of light within the cloud
Sure token is of grace:
Where wrath did frown, see mercy smiles.
From lovely Jesus' face.

10 This sign of love my soul relieves;
'Tis ease from all my pain:
I will not blush to see thee, God,
Because the Lamb was slain.

Thomas S O N G XXIX. *Black*

HOW sweet's the grace that doth appear,
In healing sinners stray'd from God!
How oft that sight may we behold,
Where JAH himself makes his abode!
His tender mercies, like himself,
Our utmost stretch of thought surpass;
Where we expected wrath and frowns,
There he discov'reth love and grace,
Which shine to us in Jesus' face.

2 Thus, when the youngest son with shame
Seeks ways to plead his father's grace;
His father eyes him yet afar;
And meets him with a fond embrace

56 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

His mouth he stops with kindest kifs,
 With finest robe doth him invest,
 His hunger by rich food allays,
 And mirth succeeds, to glad the feast.
 Thus grace to rebels is exprest.

William S O N G .XXX. *Lyon*

THE death of God, who death o'ercame,
 Doth fire our love, our lusts destroy ;
 The praises of the worthy Lamb
 Our tongues shall ever speak with joy ::
 His blessed merit now doth shine !
 And we're possess'd of worth divine.

2 Tho' floods of guilt our souls invade,
 A wounded conscience pain us fore,
 We'll say the ransom's fully paid,
 And justice can demand no more ::
 Justice and mercy now do meet,
 And our salvation is compleat.

3. In midst of deepest grief we'll sing ;
 For boundless mercy swells the song ;
 We'll soar aloft on swiftest wing,
 And join the heav'nly choir among ::
 This blessed harmony alone
 Holds heav'n and earth in union.

Thomas S O N G .XXXI. *Black*

WHEN Jesus shall the second time
 Appear, to judge the man of sin,
 And to reward his faithful saints,
 Whose joyful reign shall then begin ;

2 *The separation of the seeds
 Shall then most evident appear ;*

No hypocrite shall then lie hid :

Take heed, for now the time draws near.

3 As from a rock's stupendous height,
The eagle doth descry her prey ;
She with her young sucks up the blood,
And where the slain is, there are they :

4 So when the Lamb who once was slain,
And by his blood bought us to God,
Shall in his glory come again ;
The saints shall flock to his abode.

5 Then they who feasted here below,
By *Faith* upon his flesh and blood,
Shall ever fill'd be with his love,
And fully *see* that God is good.

6 Then let us, patient, wait for him,
Say with the church, Come quickly, Lord ;
To such the righteous crown he'll give,
As promis'd in his faithful word.

John S O N G XXXII. *Glas*

LET Poets sing of base amours,
And all their airy fables tell,
Adorning shame with gaudy flow'rs,
And serving the designs of hell.

2 A nobler theme becomes the men
Who know the charms of divine love ;
A graver stile best suits their pen
Who have a taste for joys above.

3 The divine lover, and his spouse,
Their marriage is a lofty theme,
Meet only for the heav'nly muse,
And those fir'd with the sacred flame :

58 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

- 4 They only can the beauties see
Which are display'd in him who chose,
Tho' he was God, a man to be,
That he might seek and find his spouse.
- 5 For him, who, in the form of God,
Had been before the world began,
And then in flesh made his abode,
And shew'd himself in form of man,
- 6 No match was found. But he to have,
By purchase dear his wish'd-for bride,
His life for her most freely gave;
And she came of his pierced side.
- 7 Thus *Eve* from sleeping *Adam's* side,
A comely form was brought to him:
He waking, his own likeness spy'd;
And, knowing well from whence she came,
- 8 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh,
'This is, said he, and let her name,
Deriv'd from mine, serve to express
Her rise from me, another same.
- 9 For this, a man his parents dear
Shall leave, and unto one remain,
Join'd as his wife, in bond most near;
One flesh they are, and no more twain.
- 10 A better source, Christ in his death
Of being, to his mate doth prove:
And rising from the dead, he hath
Found the fair object of his love:
- 11 Where sin and death's deformity
Had been, behold! a living form,
His image shews in purity,
And beauty such as doth him charm.

12 From his great Father he came forth,
And left his mother-church of *Jews*,
To join the church which hath her worth
From him, and cleave to her, his spouse.

13 The name he gave her, doth declare
That she's of him, and with him one
In divine spirit, as they share
In flesh and blood; such nearness none.

14 A firmer band than mingled clay;
A tie divine knits the blest'd pair,
In union which shall last for ay:
My soul, in this have thou thy share:

Wm S O N G XXXIII. *Leigh*

O JESUS! the glory, the wonder, and love,
Of angels and glorify'd spirits above,
And saints, who behold thee not, yet dearly love,
Rejoicing in hope of thy glory:
Thou only, and wholly, art lovely and fair,
Who robb'st not JEHOVAH, with him to compare,
JEHOVAH's own image glows in thee; shines there
In visible bodily glory.

Worth divine dwells in thee;

Excellent dignity,

Beauty and majesty,

Glory environs thee;

Pow'r, honour, dominion, and life, rest on thee,

O thou chiefest among the ten thousands!

2 Where ever we view thee, new glories arise;
'The man who's God's fellow, who rides on the skies,
Made flesh, dwelt among us: brought God near our eyes;
And in grace and truth shew'd all his glory.

Thou spak'st to existence the heav'ns and their hosts,
'The earth and its fullness, the seas and their coasts;

Time hangs on thy word, and eternity boasts

To crown and adorn thee with glory.

Worth, &c.

60 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

3 But how lovely dost thou appear in our eyes,
When in childhood, thou meet'st us in that dear disguise!
Thy loves, past all knowledge, with raptures surprise,
And ravish our hearts with thy glory.

In thy blessed body on the cursed tree,
Thou bar'st all our sins, while thy God frown'd on thee,
Expiring in blood in our stead; and lo, we
Exult in thy merit and glory.

Worth, &c.

4 Thy blood all divine from the grave back again,
Brought thee, King of glory; Thou Lamb who was slain!
First-born of the dead, crown'd with honour supreme,
Thy throne is establish'd in glory.

There reign in thy glory, O thou great ador'd!
Till thy foes, crush'd under thy feet, be no more;
Thy throne shall triumph over all things restor'd,
And eternity blaze with thy glory.

Worth, &c.

Robert S O N G XXXIV. *Sanseman*

SAY, word of truth, why sin and death
Among God's works were found?

Why, by a law to sinners giv'n,
Was sin made to abound?

2 Why were the highly-favour'd *Jews*
Abandon'd to fulfil

The things foretold of Christ, and so
The prince of life to kill?—

3 It was that mercy might triumph,
Where sin before did reign;
That, in the darkest wickedness,
The strength of grace might shine.

4 Why was that nation broken off?
The *Gentiles* grafted in?

And these again, like *Jews*, cast off
Following their sin?—

- 5 It was to stain the pride of all ;
 Pour shame on ev'ry face ;
 That all th' elected remnant might
 Indebted stand to *grace*.
- 6 And that they all might be built up,
 Thro' faith, an house for God,
 And grace might shine more bright to them,
 When wrath pursues the proud.
- 7 O great the depth ! O rich the store
 Of knowledge all divine !
 Most perfect wisdom, thro' the whole,
 Surprisingly doth shine !
- 8 Who can his judgments deep search out ?
 His awful steps pursue ?
 Who *was* to pry into his thoughts,
 When first his plan he drew ?
- 9 Who was upon his counsels, when
 His great designs were laid ?
 Who hath first giv'n to him ?—it shall
 Most surely be repaid.
- 10 For of him, thro' him, all things are,
 And unto him again ;
 To him all glory be ascrib'd,
 For evermore. *Amen.*

John Glas

SONG XXXV. PSALM XCII.

TO make confession unto JEHOVAH !
 It is a good and comely thing ;
 And thy great name, O thou Most High !
 To celebrate in song of praise ;
 Thy tender mercy to proclaim,
 When shines the morning light ;

62 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

With solemn sound, upon ten string'd, on psalter,
On the harp, thy faithfulness in the nights.

2 For thou, JEHOVAH! hast made me glad
In that wondrous work of thine :
In the operation of thy hands,
I will triumph exceedingly.
Thy works, JEHOVAH! grandly done,
Thy counsels most profound,
A stupid man perceives not, and the foolish
This grand matter will not understand.

3 When the impious flourish as the herb,
And evil doers all spring up,
It is to be destroyed for ay ;—
But thou, JEHOVAH! art ever high.
For lo! JEHOVAH, thy foes destroyed,
All evil doers broke ;
But thou wilt raise my horn as the unicorn,
And with green oil I all anointed am.

4 Mine eye saw on my foes, my ears shall hear
On wicked that against me rise :
The just shall flourish as the palm ;
Grow cedar-like in Lebanon.
In JEHOVAH's house they planted shall
Flourish in our God's courts :
Even in old age, they yet shall fruitful be ;
They shall be fat, and ever green appear ;
That upright is JEHOVAH to declare,
My rock, and no unrighteousness in him.

From Glow
SONG XXXVI.

PSALM CXXXIII.

BEHOLD, how good and how pleasant, in one
Are brethren who together dwell !
As the good oil upon the head,
Which was descending on the beard,

The beard of *Aaron*, falling down
Upon his garments mouth :
As *Hermion's* due descends on *Zion's* mountains,
Where bids *JEHOVAH* bliss, *eternal lives*.

Robert S O N G XXXVII. *Lancaster*

SEE Mercy, Mercy, from on high,
Descends to rebels doom'd to die !
'Tis mercy free which knows no bound :
How grand, how gladsome is the sound !

2 'Tis grace by righteousness that reigns,
Where every God-like beauty shines ;
So leaves no doubt from whence it came ;
Then grace *divine* we dare it name.

3 First mercy favour'd mortal view,
When God's own Son an infant grew ;
And in its full perfection shone,
When dying Jesus cry'd, 'Tis done !

4 It triumph'd when from death he rose,
And broke the pow'r of all our foes ;
And since he took his seat on high,
Now mercy reigns eternally.

5 Grace down in show'rs of mercy fell,
Refreshing thousands ripe for hell ;
Who lately fill'd with dev'lish wrath,
Had doom'd the Lord of heav'n to death.

6 It courts not men of mighty name,
But visits those o'erwhelm'd with blame ;
It makes the poorest wretch look gay,
And empty sends the rich away !

7 Let haughty mortals frown and fret,
Who sovereign boundless mercy hate ;

64 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

Thro' all the mansions of the blest,
That mercy only is confest.

8 Until we join the happy throng,
Let boundless mercy be our song;
And may the mighty God confound
All those who dare its course to bound.

9 *Amen*, the holy prophets cry;
Amen, th' apostles loud reply;
Amen, thro' all the heav'ns goes round;
Amen, let us on earth resound.

Thomas Glas

SONG XXXVIII. Is. chap. xlii. 1—4

BEHOLD, my Servant, whom I send
Down from the pure realms of light;
My chosen One, my darling Son,
In whom is fix'd my soul's delight.

2 My Spirit's fulness ever dwells
On head of this anointed One;
By him my judgment, and my truth,
To lands remote shall be made known.

3 He shall not cry, nor lift his voice,
'Mong crowds to raise the loud alarm;
He'll shun all strife for kingly pow'r;
No earthly grandeur shall him charm.

4 The bruised reed he shall not break,
His strength in weakness to display;
His lovely folk shall wear his yoke;
His gentle rod they will obey.

5 The smoking flax can ne'er expire,
For he sustains the hidden flame;
The sinking sinner he relieves,
Who trusts for life his precious Name.

6 Yea, many waters cannot quench
That fire which burns with feeble ray :
His kingdom's light which dimly shines,
Shall blaze like noon-tide of the day.

7 He judgment unto victory
Shall bring, to put his foes to shame :
His brethren then triumphantly
Shall sing the glories of his name.

8 Arise, O Lord, victorious come,
In all thy Father's brightness shine ;
O come to save thy saints ! and, Lord,
Begin thine everlasting reign.

Thomas S O N G XXXIX. *Glas*

THE Love which thought on helpless man,
Doth angels tongues employ ;
The grace which stoop'd to *Adam's* race,
The heav'n's doth fill with joy.

2. This, from eternity, was hid
In divine Wisdom's breast ;
The grand design of mighty Love
The church doth manifest.

3. When we survey that stately dome,
Where heav'nly beauties shine ;
In wonder lost, we must proclaim
The Architect divine.

4. The depth's as low as *Jesus* lay,
When humbled to the death ;
The height's above all heav'n's with him ;
All things are far beneath.

5. All in the heav'n's, and on the earth,
The breadth well comprehends ;

66 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

To ev'ry nation, tribe, and tongue,
With freedom it extends.

6 The length from *Adam* to time's end;
Thro' ev'ry age doth reach;
The building shews the love of **CHRIST**,
Which doth our ken outstretch.

7 Th' angelic throng with raptures view:
Salvation's structure rise;
By it God's wisdom manifold
With wonder strikes their eyes.

8 From ev'ry tribe and tongue are made:
Materials for the frame;
Here ev'ry kind of sinners join;
In **CHRIST** they are the same.

9 When the head-stone shall be brought forth
Redemption-work to crown;
The saints and angels then shall shout,
Grace! Grace! in high renown.

John S O N G XL. *G. Loo*

JEHOVAH the name is of our God alone;
Who was, is, and shall be, and change knoweth none;
In purpose, and promise, and deed, he's the same;
And where he's performing his word, there's his name.

2 He was Independent in purpose of grace,
Before any being besides him had place;
The source of all beings, depending on none;
I AM, THAT I AM, then he dares say alone.

3 He is Independent in that word of grace,
Which makes a distinction among Adam's race;
He will be for ever performing his word,
And so shall his name be for ever ador'd.

4 In **JESUS** the purpose of grace was sure laid;
In *Jesus* that purpose is manifest made;

In Jesus the promise shall surely be done ;
 God's name's in the slain Lamb, in midst of the throne..

5 He's Alpha, Omega, the first and the last ;
 Divine grace, and truth all in Jesus stand fast ;
 The works of creation all on him depend ;
 In him their beginning they have, and their end.

6 And that new creation the church, that's the crown
 Of all the divine works, him ever will own
 Its beginning, and ending ; in him it stands sure,
 And leaning all on him, shall ever endure.

John Goss

SONG XLI. Psal. cxxxvii. paraphrased.

BY streams of rivers, broad and strong,
 Which strength and pleasure do afford
 To Babel, there we sat among
 The proudest en'mies of our Lord.

2 But when we Zion call'd to mind,
 With Shiloh's streams which softly go,
 No ease in Babel we could find,
 And from our eyes sad tears did flow.

3 Our pleasant harps, in grief of mind,
 We hung upon the willows there :
 These instruments were ne'er design'd
 In Babel's concert to have share..

4 Our captive-leaders, when they saw,
 Said, why may ye not here take heart ?
 And sing to us beneath our law ?
 So in our mirth come take a part.

5 They made us howl, and yet forbade
 Our groans, and mirth required thus ;
 Bring of the music Zion had,
 Such part as may best take with us.

68 CHRISTIAN SONGS:

6 In decent uniformity

With ours, and no more from your mouth;
Complaints of sad calamity,
Nor antique songs to us uncouth.

7 How shall Jehovah's holy song

Sound from our lips in th' aliens' land?
And songs to Zion which belong
In Babel's concert be prophan'd?

8 Shall this fill Zion's place? shall we

Take pleasure here, and quite forget
Our native land, and thoughtless be
Of Zion's former comely state?

9 Or shall we never drop a tear

Upon her rubbish and her dust?
Shall we for Babel's hope or fear
Quit our regard to her most just?

10 Jerusalem! if in this land,

I lose of thee the memory;
Then, for thy sake, let my right hand!
In play lose all dexterity!

11 Yea, unto my mouth's roof let cleave

My tongue, no more to move in song;
When, on my heart; I no more have
The rights which unto thee belong!

12 And if I do not still take care

To set Jerusalem above
The head of all my joy, that there
Its joy and crown she still may prove!

13 As Zion rises, so high flow

My joy, but still beneath that crown;
*And as she is depress'd, fall low,
And underneath be thou prest down.*

- 14 Remember, in Jerus'lem's day,
His children, Lord, who did despise
The birth-right, and gave it away
For one poor morsel, to suffice.
- 15 These never could subjection bear
To Zion's laws and yoke most just;
That carnal race, void of God's fear,
Said, raze it, raze it, to the dust.
- 16 Ah! Babel's daughter, painted whore,
On many waters set in state;
Thou think'st not (for thou art secure)
Of him who brings thy dreadful fate.
- 17 All blessings on that righteous One!
The Lord's anointed Cyrus true;
Who, as thou unto us hast done,
Comes to reward thee quickly now.
- 18 Yea, blessings on him; for he'll take
The younger harlots by thy side,
And them in pieces, for our sake,
Dash shall the rock whom we confide.

John Glas
SONG XLII. Psalm cx. paraphrased.

- J**EHOVAH to my Lord hath said,
At my right hand sit thou and wait;
Till I beneath thy feet have laid,
Thy footstool, all who do thee hate.
- 2 From Zion forth JEHOVAH sends
The sceptre of thy sov'reign pow'r;
As far as thy foes pow'r extends
In midst of them be governor.
- 3 Thy folk, as off'rings of free will,
In that day of thy pow'rful call,

70 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

The heav'nly holy place shall fill ;
Thy pow'r on them as dew shall fall.

4 The dew of thy nativity,
Which from the womb upon thee lay,
Is all with thee, since thou rose high,
In morning of that glorious day.

5 Jehovah gave his solemn oath,
And as his being it must stand ;
His word and oath, unshaken both,
Unshaken faith, and hope command.

6 Thou art a priest for evermore,
Prefigur'd by that Holy Type,
Melchizedeck ; none him before,
Nor after, could his station keep.

7 The Lord at thy right hand shall kill ;
Great kings, in that day of his ire ;
He'll judge the nations, and them fill
With bodies heap'd in slaughter dire.

8 To *Antichrist*, head o'er much land,
He then shall reach the deadly blow ;
That dreadful pow'r shall not withstand
The much more dreadful overthrow.

9 He shall drink up his peoples part
Of that fierce torrent in the way ;
The rest shall ever fill the heart
Of all his foes with dire dismay.

10 And therefore shall he lift the head
Above all things in glory great ;
To raise his people and down tread,
In endless death, all who him hate.

John SONG XLIII. *Glass*

THERE's no name among men, nor angels, so bright
 As the name of Jesus, the Father's delight;
 The joy of his children, who lip out this name,
 And sweetly its praises soon learn to proclaim.

2 The wonder of angels, whose choir sound it high;
 The terror of devils, who far from it fly.
 'Tis great thro' the whole earth, and highly esteem'd;
 As ointment forth poured among the redeem'd.

3 The serpent's seed hate it, while yet 'tis their fear;
 By *their* spite against it, it shines the more clear.
 In all gospel churches this name is ador'd,
 As their shield and glory, with chearful accord;

4 And there 'tis declared, the help of distress'd,
 The hope of the hopeless, and ease of oppress'd.
 The church of the first-born, with angels of light,
 Shall sound forth its praises in endless delight;
 But fully unfolded it can be by none
 But Jesus among them, who knows it alone.

Robert SONG XLIV. *in common*

BLEST he! who chaf'n'd, and well taught of God,
 To lead and love the heav'n-directed road:
 Whose breast receives, by heav'n's all gracious plan,
 A sober mind, God's greatest gift to man.
 Like him who tho' the sov'reign Lord of all,
 Yet thus allur'd mankind to hear his call;

2 All ye who groan, with fruitless labour prest,
 Come see my labour, I will give you rest:

Take up my yoke, and learn the lowly part
 From me, for meek and lowly is my heart.
 Thus, only thus, your souls true rest shall find;
 And know my yoke is light, my burden's kind.

Edwin SONG XLV. *Barrel*

SINNERS, running from the truth,
 May divert their fears a while;
 And in crooked paths of youth,
 Coming sorrow may beguile:
 But, in search of future hope,
 They must wander, and repine;
 In thick darkness they must grope,
 Till preventing mercy shine.

2 So, backsliding sinners, when
 They from faith apostatize,
 And to love grow cold again;
 Awful darkness blinds their eyes.
 Then, in search of vanish'd joy,
 They may toil, and still complain;
 Fruitless labours them employ,
 Till that mercy shines again. *104*

Robert SONG XLVI. *Sandema*

WHEN *Ifr'el* marched thro' the sea;
 Their way by heav'n prepar'd;
 Between them, and their foes, they had
 JEHOVAH their rear-guard.

2 The cloud of glory mov'd behind,
 And by its splendor bright,
 Spread light, and joy, o'er all the host;
 Dispelling far the night.

3 Yet that same cloud a gloomy side
 Presented to their foes;
 Height'ning the horrors of the night;
 Prefaging deeper woes.

- 4 So, that same glorious word of grace,
By which the Lord leads forth
From Babel's bondage, his redeem'd,
To glory in his worth,
- 5 Spreads light before, and guards behind;
At once, a wall of fire
To shield them round, and in the midst
Their glory and desire;
- 6 Ev'n that same word, spreads darkness wide
O'er Antichrist's domain;
And, blasting all their glory, makes
Them gnaw their tongues for pain.
- 7 Then, fear them not, but follow on
Where that word points the way:
Soon comes the Lord to crush his foes;
And give his friends the sway.

David S O N G XLVII. *Micha. lvi*

NOW, thron'd on high, the humbled man
O'er wide creation reigns:
That face, once dark with grief, now bright
With heav'nly glory shines.

2 He's now most blest at God's right hand,
And crown'd as God's own Son;
Determin'd King by God's sure oath;
Sure pledge his work is done.

3 Sent, by thy high command, he came,
And in the guilty's place,
Fulfill'd thy law, and bore thy wrath:
O God! how rich thy grace!

4 How far above the ways of man,
O Lord, thy grand design!

74. CHRISTIAN SONGS.

To clothe the guilty sons of men,
With righteousness divine!

5 O! what but endless life and joy
Such worth was meet to crown:—
Away with ev'ry idol false;
This screens us from thy frown.

6 This ample shade can hide us from
The fury of thine ire;
When all the foes to this shall be
Consum'd with flaming fire.

7 No more let want of righteousness
Our guilty soul oppress:
The righteous work of Christ's enough
To banish our distress.

8 O never let us grudge to stand
Indebted to this grace,
Which can direct our wand'ring steps
Into thy holy place.

Robert S O N G XLVIII. *Landon*

BEHOLD the Traitor is gone forth
To work his dark designs;
The Son of man's now glorify'd;
God's glory in him shines!

2 If God be glorify'd in him,
The sure effect shall be,
Him in himself he'll glorify;
And this ye soon shall see.

3 Thus spake the Lord, before his death,
To cause his friends attend
To that event, at which all heav'n
Doth wonder without end.

- 4 Thus said ;—His virtue stood the shock
Of darkness' pow'rs combin'd ;
Virtue was ne'er so try'd before,
Nor so triumphant shin'd.
- 5 Not heav'n and earth, when all their host
First into order rose,
Obedient as commanded, could
So much of God disclose.
- 6 Their steady course while they maintain'd,
Or changed at his word,
Such glorious honour to his will
Ne'er did, nor could afford.
- 7 Here, all the glories of that love,
Which all perfection claims,
He brought to view, here in its strength
Each Godlike beauty beams.
- 8 Sure, as foretold, th' effect appear'd ;
Earth quack'd ; he from the dead
Was by the father's glory rais'd,
O'er all things to be head.
- 9 His friends beheld him mount to heav'n,
And as he pierc'd the sky,
The glory met him to conduct
Him to his throne on high.
- 10 He thence to them the Spirit sent
Himself who glorify'd,
That of his glory they might be
By sharing certify'd ;
- 11 Among the nations to declare
How highly God did prize
That lovely lowly character
Which mortals did despise :

76 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

12 That all his chosen finding joy
Where God's good pleasure lyes,
Wean'd from the earth, might place their hope
With him above the skies,

Daniel Humphries Elder of Portsmouth
SONG XLIX. *America*

WHEN I my wicked heart survey,
And course of life from day to day;
There's naught to meet my wretched view,
But sin, and death, its proper due.

2 My heart's a source of ev'ry ill,
Averse to all that's good my will;
And pride, by which the angels fell,
Proclaims aloud, I'm ripe for hell.

3 Oh! can a wretch, so vile, so blind,
So ripe for hell, forgiveness find?
'There's not a wretch who breathes the air,
Has stronger reasons to despair.

4 But honour, praise, and glory, rise
To him who reigns above the skies!
To pardon guilt of deepest stains,
Unbounded mercy ever reigns!

5 The mighty God, Immanuel,
Deign'd on this earth with men to dwell;
That sinners might be freed from guilt,
'The blood of God's own Son was spilt.

6 His chosen he redeem'd from death,
When he for them resign'd his breath:
Bearing the curse, the wrath divine,
'That mercy might for ever shine.

7 See from the dead the first born come!
The Lord of life has burst the tomb!

To all the world, from this blest hour,
Declar'd the Son of God with pow'r.

8 When he had his disciples blest,
Who worship'd him, their God confest,
To his reward in heav'n he rose,
In name and stead of all he chose.

9 At God's right hand most blessed made,
The man of sorrows now made glad,
His kingdom stands; his reign is sure;
His worth for ever doth endure.

10 This is enough;—'tis all we need;
The Lord of life is ris'n indeed:
The vilest wretch who breathes the air,
Has now no reason to despair!

11 O may our joy and boasting be
In him, who dy'd upon the tree:
May the redemption shining there,
For ever shield us from despair.

Robert Sandeman

SONG L. ACTS chap. i. ver. 9, 10, 11.

WHY Galileans stand ye now
Up gazing to the sky?
The Saviour's gone from mortal view,
To Zion mount on high! -
You saw him slain a sacrifice:
He now High Priest is known
In heaven, to appear for you;
And send the blessing down.

2 Remember well his last adieu;
And oft his friends remind
How you with lifted hands he bless'd,
And shew'd his heart so kind.

78 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

How, as he bless'd, he mounted up,
 And met the cloud of light ;
 So be assur'd he'll come again
 In heav'nly glory bright !

3 Then gaze not here, nor think till then
 Your eyes can see his face :
 Keep his commands ; go tarry where
 Himself assign'd the place.
 They went ;—the promis'd Spirit came ;
 Their friends were multiply'd :
 'Midst all their suff'rings gladness reign'd ;
 And God they glorify'd. *28*

Robert SONG LI. *Bonwell*

WHILE others glory in their wealth,
 Their wisdom and their might :
 O ! let the cross of Christ be still
 Our glory and delight.

2 The wisdom, wealth, and might of man,
 All perish like to dross ;
 But everlasting fulness flows
 To sinners from the cross.

3 The wisdom, and the power of God
 To save, doth shine therein ;
 In Jesus' cross we see how God
 Can *justly* pardon sin.

4 How guilty rebels such as we
 May, after all, find grace ;
 May still be reconcil'd to God,
 And see his face in peace.

5 Thro' Jesus crucify'd for sin,
 God *smiling* doth appear

On guilty man ;—his precious blood
Doth bring the vilest near.

6 It blotteth out the various guilt
Of all for whom he dy'd ;
There's balm for ev'ry wounded soul
In Jesus crucify'd.

7 Then what tho' worldly men the cross,
The *plain*, *bare* cross despise ;
And what tho' all who trust in it
Seem little in their eyes ?

8 Let us, in face of all contempt,
Of all reproach and shame,
In Jesus' cross still make our *boast*,
And *triumph* in his name :

9 In view of his great love, let us
For him count all things loss ;
And far let ev'ry glorying be
Save *only* in his cross.

William S O N G LII. *Waterstone*

SING the praises of the Lord ;
His great love to us record,
Who hath made his grace divine,
Towards guilty men to shine.

2 When by sin we were expos'd
Unto death—God interpos'd ;
And did lay Our help upon
His own Son, the mighty One !

3 He thro' death destroy'd the foe ;
By his grief remov'd our woe :
Thro' his glorious saving might,
Life eternal brought to light.

80 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

4 *He* the curse bare on the tree,
That the guilty might go free :
And redeemed us from wrath ;
Where is now thy sting ! O death ?

5 All our works for us he wrought ;
Peace and liberty he brought :
Greater bliss, we have to boast,
Than the life which *Adam* lost :

6 For, he lives beyond the grave,
From death's hand us to receive ;
Where eternal joys remain ;
Where no sorrow is, nor pain.

7 To the Lamb who dy'd and rose,
And hath conquer'd all our foes,
Glory be for ever giv'n
By the saints, in earth, and heav'n.

Robert S O N G LIII. *Boonell*

'*Tis finished!* THE SAVIOUR cry'd,
When on the cross he bow'd, and dy'd ;
'*Tis finished!* all heav'n resounds,
Th' Eternal's mercy knows no bounds !—

2 Let's catch, my friends, the heav'nly theme,
'*Tis finished!* let us proclaim :
Justice divine is now pleas'd,
God rests in his own Son well pleas'd.

3 '*Tis finished!* ye nations hear,
Your fruitless labour now forbear ;
By Jesus' finish'd work alone,
There's access to God's holy throne.

4 '*Tis finished!* The work is done !
God's own well beloved Son ;

His work most perfect is, and pure,
And shall eternally endure.

5 *'Tis finished!* The Lamb once slain,
Is from the dead rais'd up again;
He hath ascended up on high,
And captive led captivity.

6 *'Tis finished!* Now may we sing,
Devouring death! where is thy sting?
O grave! where is thy victory?
Here's life, and immortality!

7 *'Tis finished!* Here's food for praise,
Here's subject meet for heav'nly lays;
And God's redeem'd shall ever sing,
The praises of th' Eternal King!

8 Then let us still, with thankful voice,
In Jesus' finish'd work rejoice;
'Tis finished! Let us proclaim,
Eternal thanks to God's great name.

William S O N G LIV. *Leighton*

WITH ravish'd eyes, Lord, we admire
These radiant curtains of thy throne!
Wide heav'n, adorn'd with studs of fire,
Proclaims Omnipotence alone:
These shining watchers, in their silent talk,
Proclaim thy glory, proclaim thy glory,
In their evening walk.

2 The purple morn, with gilded ray,
Renews the day with glad'ning light;
Th' o'erjoy'd creation welcomes day,
With chearful motion, till the night

82 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

To silent slumbers hush the lab'ring ball:
 These preach thy glory, these preach thy glory,
 'Thro' the spacious all.

3 Array'd with light, in silver streams,
 'Thron'd in his fiery tent, the sun,
 Diffusing all enliv'ning beams,
 Round heav'n's extremities doth run;
 Swift as a racer, as a bridegroom gay,
 In pride of glory, in pride of glory,
 Constituting day.

4 His genial warmth, the world immense
 Confesses, in each fruit and flow'r;
 Thou mak'st his brooding influence
 Feast thy creation ev'ry hour:
 Thou mad'st him this great world's both eye and
 Sole vital spirit, sole vital spirit, (soul,
 Known from pole to pole.

5 Art dimly paints that brilliant ball;
 That's but an emblem faint, to shew
 The sun of righteousness, where all
 The beams of God shine forth most true.
 With rays diffus'd, in healing words he glows,
 And circling warms, and circling warms
 The nations as he goes.

6 Tho' blinded reas'ners mark thee not,
 In nature's wide amazing scene,
 Where all thy labours point thee out,
 And all thy footsteps shew so plain
 Thy pow'r, and godhead, to earth's utmost line,
 Where brighter rays, where brighter rays
 Of God ne'er deign'd to shine;

7 Yet ravish'd, with sublime delight,
 Believers view in ev'ry line

Of thy pure oracles, the light
 Of truth, and mercy all divine :
 Thy law, and law fulfill'd, these testify,
 Convert the soul, convert the soul,
 And bow the heart to thee.

Robert Beowel - after his
 Brothers SONG LV. *Death*

WHEREWITH shall I o'erwhelm'd with sin,
 Before THE LORD appear ?
 Or how can such a wretch as I
 To the Most High draw near ?

1 Where shall the conscience stung with sin
 Apply, relief to find ?
 And where's the balm, whose healing pow'r
 Can cure a wounded mind ?

3 Can all the pow'r of man do ought ?
 Ah no ! 'tis all in vain—
 'Tis God that wounds, and God alone
 Can heal the wound again.

4 And lo ! Jehovah's boundless grace
 The blessed cure supplies ;
 To save his people from their sins,
 See ! Jesus bleeds and dies !

5 Yea, rather see he lives again !
 And shall for ever live ;
 And will, to all for whom he died,
 This life eternal give.

6 Then, what tho' in this vale of tears,
 Our sorrows may abound ?
 And for affliction's mortal stroke,
 No cure can here be found ?

7 Our life is hid with Christ, in God ;
 When Christ our life appears,

84 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

His people he'll with glory crown,
And wipe away their tears.

8 Let this, my friends, be all our hope,
Let this our thoughts employ ;
Thro' this blest hope, in death itself,
There's glorious room for joy :

9 Fill'd with such hope, let this vain life
Evanish from our eyes ;
Let solid, boundless, endless bliss
Before our view arise ;

10 And let us, with one heart, and soul,
To God our voices raise ;
By him this grace was purchased ;
To him be all the praise.

Newcomb America
SONG LVI.

WHO's this, that from the desert doth
Like smoky pillars rise ;
Who, leaning on her dearest Lord,
All others doth despise ?

2 It is the Lamb's beloved spouse,
It is his virgin bride ;
Who from the rage of Antichrist,
Did in the desert hide.

3 The Woman who to John appear'd
Is clothed with the Sun,
The perfect righteousness of Christ,
Which he alone hath done.

4 All earthly things beneath her feet
She tramples on, and scorns ;
The doctrine preached by the Twelve,
Like stars her head adorns :

- 5 With antichrist she will not join;
No head but Christ her Lord,
And by no other rule will she
Be measur'd, but God's word.
- 6 Her doctrine, worship, discipline,
Must all conformed be
Unto God's word; and children dwell
In love and unity.
- 7 The Shepherd's voice she hears, and knows,
In it she doth rejoice;
And chearfully doth follow him:—
—She knows no stranger's voice.
- 8 The hireling Shepherd, will not stand,
To face the enemy;
And when the flock in danger is,
Doth quickly from them fly.
- 9 But the Good Shepherd, for his sheep
Did give his life away;
That he might them redeem, who from
His fold had gone astray.
- 10 Let all his people, here below,
Join loud with all above;
And, in triumphant heav'nly notes,
Sing his redeeming love.

Robert S O N G LVII. *Boswell*

BEHOLD! what love the Father hath
On guilty man bestow'd!
That we, poor sinners, sons of wrath,
Should be the *Sons of God!*

2 O! how beyond expression great
The love of Christ doth shine:

H

'Tis like himself! TH' ETERNAL GOD
Past knowledge! all divine!

3 Behold! for guilty, guilty man,
The Lord of glory dies;
Lays down his life, them to redeem,
A precious sacrifice!

4 And God the sacrifice accepts,
His wrath is now appeas'd;
He looks to his beloved Son,
And says, "I am well pleas'd."

5 Now, doth the ever worthy Lamb,
Who for his people dy'd,
See of the travail of his soul,
And is well satisfy'd;

6 Now peace and goodwill, towards men,
In boundless streams do flow;
And joy, and hope of endless life,
Doth God thro' Christ bestow.

7 O! let us then resound the note
Which still prevails above;
And ever sing, with joyful hearts,
The wonders of his love.

Davis S O N G LVIII. *Mitchelson*

I'VE seen the lovely garden flow'rs
In all their beauty glow:
I've seen the stormy hail-stone show'rs
Lay all their glory low.

2 I've seen the youth in beauty's pride
And highest health to day,
Before to morrow's even-tide,
A loathsome lump of clay.

3 Then what's our life ? a vapour sure !
Away, it swiftly flies ;

The joys of life, how insecure,
How trifling such a prize ?

4 How oft this lesson we've been taught ;
Yet still the earthly mind

Pursues its earthly hope full fraught,
To heav'nly hope still blind :

5 That lesson which we now despise,
Presuming on our might,
Shall soon be set before our eyes,
Clear, as the noon day light.

6 The hast'ning day shall soon arrive,
When awful death shall come,
And close the scene of this vain life,
In darkness, and the tomb.

7 O! may the Living Word, the light,
Shine forth before our eyes ;
In that dread hour, dispel the night
With everlasting rays :

8 When in the dark and dismal road,
Which we are doom'd to tread,
Our comfort be the word of God,
Our rock, our strength, our shade :

9 His word, who dy'd upon the tree,
Can fortify the heart,
And, ev'n in death, our minds can free,
And bid all fear depart ;

10 For he's alive, who once was slain,
And reigns exalted high ;
His word can raise us up again,
Tho' in the grave we lie.

11 The work he finish'd on the cross,
 Doth bring salvation sure ;
 And his unspotted righteousness
 For ever doth endure.

24

Robert S O N G LIX. *Boswell*

HARK! the trump of God doth sound ;
 Th' arch angel's voice is heard on high :
 Now the Lord himself descends,
 With a shout that rends the sky.

2 See! his dead have heard the sound !
 Spring immortal from the tomb ;
 And with rapture meet their Lord,
 Crying, *Now the kingdom's come.*

3 Lo! his people too on earth
 In a moment chang'd all rise,
 In the clouds caught up with them,
 To meet their Saviour in the skies.

4 See! mortality of life
 Swallow'd up eternally !
 Death, O Death! where is thy sting?
 Where, O Grave! thy victory?

5 Now, all tears are wip'd away ;
 Free from curse, and free from pain,
 All Christ's people, now with him,
 Kings, and Priests, for ever reign;

6 Heirs of God! joint heirs with Christ !
 All-triumphant o'er their foes ;
 All God's fullness they possess,
 And their cup still overflows.

7 *In the hope of all this joy,*
Let us, brethren, still be found,

Stedfast in the faith of Christ,
And in love let us abound.

8 Let his matchless love to us,
To *his work* our souls constrain,
Knowing, that our labour wrought
In the Lord, shall not be vain.

Robert Sandeman wrote in the first
day of a S O N G LX. new year

TO guilty mortals why so kind,
So long indulgence shown?
So many bounties round the year
Thus copiously sent down?

2 Why does the sun renew the day,
With all reviving beams?
The skies, like breasts which ne'er run dry,
Refreshment send in streams?

3 Doth judgment sleep? Can God the judge,
On sin forget to frown?
Nay! Death devouring ev'ry hour,
In course all men cuts down.

4 But 'midst the rage of sin and death,
Proceeds a grand design;
The glorious light of endless life,
Across the gloom doth shine.

5 The Lord is ris'n, the King of peace,
The King of righteousness;
He bare the curse, he reigns on high,
The nations he will bless.

6 He spares the world, till he complete,
His grand design of love:
For this he makes his sun to shine,
And rain sends from above.

96. CHRISTIAN SONGS.

7 For this are pow'rs ordain'd of God,
To keep the world in awe ;
That vi'lence may'nt o'erwhelm the earth,
Till thence his folk he draw.

8 Then let us raise our voice to God,
And daily praise his name,
Since all the bounties of the day

That mercy reigns, proclaim—
Archibald Ruthvenford who died an Elder

S O N G L X I. EXOD. xv. Moses's Song.

U N T O Jehovah I will raise
My Song, and chearful, shout his praise ;
Divinely glorious he excels !
His mighty hand his grandeur tells.

2 The horse, and the proud rider down:
Into the deep, his arm hath thrown ;
Jehovah is my strength and song,
Salvation doth to him belong.

3 'This is my God ! to his great name
An habitation I will frame ;
My father's God he is, and I
Will shout his praise triumphantly.

4 A Man of war, JEHOVAH is !
This glorious name is only his ;
He Pharaoh's chariots and his host,
Hath down into destruction tofs'd !

5 His chosen warriors all hath he
O'erthrown, and drowned in the sea ;
Down to the bottom as a stone
They sank,—the deeps have o'er them gone !

6 In power thy right-hand glorious shone,
Jehovah, O thou mighty One !

Thine own right-hand the en'my all
O God, hath dash'd in pieces small.

7 In thy excelling greatness thou:
All who against thee rose o'erthrew;
'Gainst them thy wrath thou didst prepare,
Like stubble they consumed were.

8 Thy nostrils' blast the floods uprear'd,
Astonish'd seas in heaps appear'd;
Ev'n as a wall on either hand
The mighty deeps congeal'd did stand!

9 "I will pursue, (the en'my cried)
"O'ertake them, and the spoil divide;
"My lust of vengeance I'll enjoy
"Yea, utterly I'll them destroy."

10 Thou with thy wind didst blow, and straight
The deeps them cover'd from our sight:
They 'midst the torrent sank like lead,
And raging waves roll'd o'er their head!

11 Among the mighty who is there.
O God, that may with thee compare?
Who is like thee? In holiness
Thus glorious! Fearful in thy praise!

12 Thou wonders dost! thy right-hand thou
Out-stretched, and did sink them low;
Wrapt up in sudden ruin, they
Beneath the rushing torrent lay!

13 While in thy mercy thou didst lead
Thy people, thus from bondage freed;
And in thy strength them guided hast
Unto thy holy place of rest.

14 The nations of thy works shall hear,
And tremble with foreboding fear;

92 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

While they of Palestina shall
With sorrow be o'erwhelmed all.

15 Then Edom's lofty ones shall quake ;
And Moab's mighties trembling, shake,
'Th' inhabitants of Canaan, they
With fear, like wax shall melt away !

16 Terror and dread shall on them fall,
And as a stone be still, they shall
By thy great arm, till every one
Of thine, Jehovah, o'er have gone.

17 Yea, till each one thou purchas'd hast
Safely their land have overpast ;
Thou'lt bring them in, and plant them there,
They thine inheritance shall share.

18 Within the place ordain'd by thee,
Jehovah, thy abode to be :
The sanctuary which thy hand,
O Lord, establish'd firm to stand.

19 For ever, and for evermore
The glorious Lord shall reign in pow'r :
The Lord shall reign,—the mighty One
Who all our foes hath overthrown !

20 Proud Pharaoh's horse, and chariots strong
Rush'd the divided seas among ;
God spake—the waters backward came,
And swift destruction cover'd them !

21 While Israel's sons upon dry land
Securely pass'd—on either hand
The parted sea its billows rear'd,
And a defending wall appear'd !

22 *Raise then Jehovah's praises high ;
He hath triumphed gloriously !*

The horse and his proud rider down,
 Into the deep his arm hath thrown.

Robert SONG LXII. *Howe*

HEAR O heav'ns! O earth attend!
 Creation hear the joyful sound!
 Christ who died, is ris'n again,
 And with endless glory crown'd.

2 Hence flows hope to guilty man,
 Hence our way is pav'd to heav'n;
 Jesus died for our sins,——
 Now he lives! and we're forgiv'n.

3 What tho' we are worthless all,
 Sinners 'gainst the richest grace!
 Wrath divine is now appeas'd,
 Boundless mercy now takes place.

4 See! our Intercessor lives,
 Hear him plead before the throne!
 Father, save my guilty flock,
 Save, for now thy will is done:

5 These are they whom I have lov'd,
 They whom thou to me didst give;
 These I purchas'd with my blood,
 Since I dy'd, O let them live.

6 Just, O well belov'd, thy plea,
 Just what e'er thy lips can crave;
 Thou hast died for guilty men,
 Now I can be *just* and save.

7 Save then these thy much lov'd sheep,
 Save them all, for they are thine;
 Bless as I have blessed thee;
 Let them be for ever mine.

94 CHRISTIAN SONGS

8 Blessed God! What grace is here?

How shall sinners grateful prove?

How that gratitude express

For thy rich preventing love?

9 How, but by their love to thee,

To thy people, to thy laws,

Daily taking up the cross,

Gladly suff'ring for thy cause?

John

S O N G

LXIII.

Barnard

BEHOLD! the bright morning appears,

And Jesus revives from the grave;

His rising, removes all our fears,

And shews him Almighty to save:

How strong were his tears and his cries!

The worth of his blood how divine!

How perfect his sacrifice is

Who rose, tho' he suffer'd for sin!

2 The man, who was crowned with thorns,

The man, who on Calvary dy'd,

The man, who bore scourging and scorn,

Whom sinners agreed to deride;

Now blessed for ever is made,

And life has rewarded his pain;

Now glory has crowned his head,

Heav'n sings of the Lamb who was slain.

3 Believing, we share of his joy;

By faith, we partake of his rest;

With this, we can chearfully die;

For with him we hope to be blest.

This makes us regardless of fame,

And riches and honours despise,

We suffer for Jesus's name,

And die, that with him we may rise.

We wait for his coming again,
 To raise us in glory with him;
 His gladness his saints shall obtain,
 His foes shall be clothed with shame.
 He shall his afflicted, and poor,
 From dust, and the dunghill, be rais'd;
 For want and disgrace are no more:
 For him they with princes are plac'd.

He will be most fully reward
 The kindresses done to his name;
 Faithfully he hath declar'd,
 He takes them as deeds done to him:
 Let of my Father come near,
 And down on my heavenly throne;
 'Till the kingdom prepar'd
 For those who delight in his Son.

Then let us look forward to this,
 And joyfully take up his cross;
 His servants shall be where he is,
 And all that we lose is but loss:
 We're honour'd whom he shall approve,
 Our riches shall never decay;
 Our joy is compleat in his love;
 Our tears shall be all wip'd away.

Libald S O N G LXIV. *Therefore*

Till glorious times of joy and peace,
 When we'll be safe from ev'ry grief;
 This, our bosom foe shall cease,
 His evil heart of unbelief.

Then safe from every dreaded ill,
 We shall never more shall break our rest;

96 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

Nor more our breast with terror fill,
For ever in God's presence blest!

3 And is the blessedness our choice
Which Jesus with his blood hath bought?
Do we in *him* alone rejoice
Who all our works for us hath wrought?

4 Why ~~then~~ of death so much afraid?
The gate of heaven—our wish'd for home!
When he seems near, why shrink dismay'd?
Why not with pleasure bid him come?

5 And do we, after all, then prize
This motley scene of grief and care?
Is heav'n so little in our eyes,
We would not die tho' to be there?

6 When we survey the grisly form;
Does nature shudder at the sight?
The pallid look;—the shroud;—the worm;
And darkness of perpetual night!

7 The silent tongue,—the fixed eye,—
The clay cold hand,—our long, long home!—
Are we afraid lest we should lie
Eternal tenants of the tomb?

8 Fear not: our great Redeemer lives,
And he from death shall set us free!
Tho' now we die, if we are his,
These very eyes the Lord shall see.

9 Dread we in death to lay us down!
Know Jesus in the grave was laid.
He made it easy for his own,
When he their ransom fully paid!

10 Are we afraid of racking pain?
O! think what pains our Saviour bore;

He bore our griefs and sorrows all
When nails and thorns his body tore!

1 Or do we dread yet more to find
God's awful wrath upon us fall?

Here's comfort to the guilty mind:
Our great Redeemer bore it all!

2 He bore th' Almighty's frown, that we
Might never feel the wrath divine,
Behold him bleeding on the tree!
See Justice there, and Mercy shine!

3 "My God, my God, why hast thou me
"Forfaken," The blest'd suff'rer cry'd!
But, none of his forsake will he
(In death) who for their ransom dy'd.

4 God now well-pleas'd for Jesus' sake,
Smiles on his people's parting hour:
Hence they of lively hope partake,
Tho' worms their body shall devour.

5 He ever liveth, who was dead:
Of death he keeps the keys alone;
He'll say (when from the grave they're freed)
"Of those thou gav'st me I've lost none!"

6 And when he brings them back again,
From worms and death a glorious prize;
They shall appear without a stain,
All lovely ev'n in God's own eyes!

Revised. S O N G L X V. *Rutherford*

WHEN Jesus comes again,
Faith shall be rare on earth to see;
And sin abounding, then
The love of many cold shall be!

98 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

Let us beware,
And watch with care,
And for the faith contend :
And jointly strive
To keep alive
Our hope, unto the end.

2 If we shall thus endure
With patience suff'ring for his sake,
His promise standeth sure
That we shall in his joy partake:
Beyond compare,
The glories are,
Which then reveal'd shall be;
When cloth'd in light,
'Midst angels bright,
He'll shine forth gloriously!

3 See men (as he foretold)
Do put his coming far away;
They purchase, plant, and build,
As if this world should last for ay:
Yet soon shall they
In smoke decay;
O may our faith be strong!
What worldlings prize
Let us despise;
For Christ will come e'er long.

4 We've seen *the man* of sin
Reveal'd, and to his height arise:
And now consum'd again
His kingdom almost ruin'd lies!
That pow'r shall be
Crush'd utterly,
Before Christ's glory bright:

- Dire vengeance shall
O'erwhelm them all
Who dar'd his grace to slight !
- 5 His en'mies are reserv'd
To dreadful scenes of endless woe :
And have not we deserv'd
To be shut out from comfort too ?
But bless'd be he
Who set us free,
And bore himself God's wrath !
His work's compleat, .
Truth, mercy meet !
The sting is drawn from death !
- 6 What then tho' famines spread,
And pest'lenſe stalk, devouring round ;
Filling each heart with dread,
While earthquakes rend the trembling ground ;
Tho' nations are
Engag'd in war,
And all is wild diſmay,
We without fear
Our heads will rear,
And cry, Lord come away !
- 7 Bleſt be his glorious name,
That we've his perfect work to boaſt ;
That e'er he did proclaim
He came to ſeek and ſave the loſt !
His love ſhall be
Eternally
Our joyful theme of praiſe :
We will ſhout forth
His matchleſs worth,
And truſt his boundleſs grace !
- I 2

David SONG LXVI. *Rutherford*

ALTHO' temptations threaten round
 And feeble as the moth I'm found;
 'Midst gréateſt dangers let me ſee
 Thy grace ſufficient, Lord, for me.

2 And when my faith is like to fail,
 And doubts and darkneſs moſt prevail;
 Hold thou me up, and let me ſee
 Thy grace ſufficient, Lord, for me.

3 When (Heav'n forgot) my fooliſh heart
 In this vain world would chuſe its part;
 Call back the wanderer Lord to thee,
 And let thy grace my ſafety be.

4 When warring paſſions vex me fore,
 And I dare truſt myſelf no more;
 Thy ſtrength, my ſtay in weakneſs be,
 Thy grace ſufficient, Lord, for me.

5 When all conſpires to work my woe,
 And in deſpair to plunge me low,
 When terror takes faſt hold on me;
 Lord, let thy grace my ſafety be.

6 And when thro' death's dark vale I go;
 O let me then thy guidance know;
 Then comfort ſend, and let me ſee
 Thy grace ſufficient, Lord, for me.

7 Thanks to thy name, that thou, O Lord,
 Help to the worthleſs can't afford;
 Lord help me then, and let me ſee
 Thy grace ſufficient ſtill for me.

8 *I have no claim for grace at all,
 In me thy wrath might juſtly fall:*

CHRISTIAN SONGS.

at Jesus dy'd!—His merit see,
and reach thy mercy Lord to me.

Archibald's Psalter

SONG LXVII. HABAK. chap. iii. 17, 18, 19.

THOU' the fig tree to blossom should cease,
And no fruit in the vine should appear;
Tho' the labour of th' olive decrease,
And the fields with no meat crown the year;
From the fold tho' the flocks should decay,
And no herd in the stall should be found;
In JEHOVAH yet joyful I'll be,
In's salvation my joy shall abound.

Archibald's S O N G LXVIII. *Psalm 124*

HOWE'ER despis'd Christ's people be,
Howe'er 'midst desert lands they stray,
Them carefully seek out will he,
And chearful they'll his voice obey.

2 He'll like a faithful shepherd lead
Them safe, and keep with tender care:
With his life giving truth them feed,
Where streams of promis'd comfort are.

3 Whatever dangers threaten round,
From dangers he'll their refuge prove;
Thus strength in greatest straits be found,
And none shall tear them from his love.

4 Thro' life and death their guide he'll be,
(His worth in life and death their boast)
"Of these whom thou hast given me"
(He'll say at last) *Lo none I've lost!*

Archibald S O N G LXIX. *Rutherford*

THe glorious myriads round the throne,
 Who tune their songs to Jesus' name,
 Tell of no merit of their own,
 But Jesus' worth alone proclaim.

2 They do not say, "Thou gav'st us grace
 This and the other work to do:"

The only song in that blest place
 Is, *Thou art worthy; only thou.*

3 *Thou'st wash'd our robes and made them white
 In thy own blood; this is the song;—*

And they shout forth, with great delight,
Salvation doth to God belong.

4 Ten thousand times ten thousand shout,
Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain;

Surrounding angels all cry out,
 With an united voice, *Amen!*

5 Let us on earth, with grateful voice,
 Cheerful, resound a loud Amen;

And say, while we in him rejoice,
Worthy's the Lamb for sinners slain.

6 Without one thought that's good to plead,
 O! what could shield us from despair?

But this—tho' we are vile indeed,
 There's worth—yes, worth infinite there.

Archibald S O N G LXX. *Rutherford*

HAIL! blest scenes of endless joy,
 Where Christ in boundless glory reigns;

Where nothing hurtful shall annoy,
 But gladness fills the happy plains:

Free from sin, and free from fear,
None e'er shall sigh, or shed a tear.

- 2 Ten thousand thousands there shall raise
Their glad notes, and sing this strain,
“ Wake the song of grateful praise,
“ To the Lamb; for he was slain!
“ Hosannas, loud Hosannas sing,
“ Hosannas to th' Eternal King.”

- 3 There in Jesus' presence blest,
They fear no death, nor feel a pain;
They there shall smile in endless rest,
Nor dangers e'er shall threat again.
For Jesus reigns, and they shall share
With him, in his own glory there.

Archibald O N G. LXXI. *Thou shalt*

GLORY unto Jesus be,
From the curse he set us free;
All our guilt on him was laid,
He the ransom fully paid.

- 2 All his glorious work is done,
God's well pleased in his Son;
For he rais'd him from the dead,
And he reigns his Church's head.

- 3 His redeem'd his praise shout forth,
Ever glorying in his worth;
Angels sing around the throne,
“ Thou art worthy! Thou alone!”

- 4 He will soon return again,
And his saints with him shall reign;
In this hope they joyful say
Come Lord Jesus—come away.

Reverend S O N G LXXII. *Rutherford*

O Why so slow, ye simple, say,
The Saviour's faithful words to hear?

Why put his coming far away?

Look up, for lo! the signs appear.

The time is short, when ev'ry foe

Shall vanquish'd lie, no more to rise:

For Christ shall tread his en'mies low,

While shouts of triumph fill the skies.

2 See nation against nation rise;

Kingdoms and states for war prepare;

Distress, perplexities arise,

Men's anxious hearts do fail for fear:

Dire famines waste, and earthquakes rend

The ground, and desolation spread:

The pest'ence rage does wide extend,

And fills the trembling world with dread.

3 That Kingdom for the Clergy rais'd,
(Christians! yet strangers to the cross,)

Their former grandeur how debas'd!

Their pomp's brought low, their power is lost!

This power consum'd, shall Christ destroy

When in His brightness he shall come:

His people all shall shout for joy,

While the loud voice declares, 'Tis done.

4 Men mock the Christians hopes, and cry,
They're idle visionary views;

They build, they plant, they sell and buy,

And each his fav'rite scheme pursues.

See how iniquities abound;

The love of many waxes cold:

Lukewarmness in the church is found,

And faith's a rare thing to behold.

5 When Lot from Sodom hasted out,
 Till he was safe, God's vengeance staid :
 Then ruin wrapt them round about,
 And all the plain in ashes laid !
 So, when each elect soul's brought in,
 More dreadful vengeance shall devour :
 And those who would not Christ should reign,
 Shall feel the terrors of his power.

5 And sudden as the thief by night,
 Christ unexpected shall appear :
 But let his saints with patience wait,
 For their redemption now draws near.
 * Quickly I come," hear him declare.—
 He comes to bring his people home,
 Let's join the church's ardent pray'r,
Amen ! ev'n so, Lord Jesus come.

Psalm 138 S O N G LXXIII. *Psalm 138*

WHY should we give way to vain fears ?
 Why ever ungrateful repine ?
 In God trust, and banish your cares,
 At his word all your sorrows resign.
 Should seas roar, and tofs round the world,
 And hills from their bases be torn,
 Or stars from their orbits be hurl'd,
 His people sure need never mourn.

2 The tempest which rolls at his word,
 At his bidding sinks instant to rest :
 O'er creation's wide bounds he is Lord,
 His people he'll save 'midst distress.
 Their rock and their fortress he'll prove,
 Their strength and their refuge he'll be :
 No dangers them ever shall move ;
 Their shield and their safeguard is he.

106 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

3 He laid the foundations of earth,
And daily upholds by his pow'r :
He spoke, and the heav'ns had their birth;
By him they're upheld till this hour.
All these shall wax old and decay,
As a vesture be changed they shall :
At his presence they'll vanish away,
And their glories before him shall fall.

4 But God from all changes secure,
No end of his years shall be known :
The same he'll for ever endure,
And eternity all is his own !
His glories all infinite shine,
In mercy and justice the same :
His goodness and love how divine !
O ! join to adore his great name.

5 All glory, all honour, and praise,
And thanks to JEHOVAH be giv'n ;
Ye saints your glad voices all raise,
His mercy is higher than heav'n !
To Jesus the Lamb who was slain,
The redeem'd ever raise their glad songs ;
Salvation ascribe unto him ;
For to him all the glory belongs !

Michael S O N G LXXIV. *Rutherford*

WHEN God to sinners first displays
The glory of his sov'reign grace,
So wonderful it seems to them
They almost fear 'tis all a dream.

2 *Shall sinners, who from day to day
Have spurn'd his grace, and gone astray,
Yet in his boundless mercy share,
And find no reason to despair !*

3 And has *the Man, God's Fellow*, dy'd,
And all his justice satisfy'd,—
That mercy might flow free to those
Who, all their life, have been his foes?

4 Yes, God's well pleased in his Son,
Who all our works for us hath done :
None may for want of worth complain,
Since Jesus dy'd, and rose again.

5 What grace ! what boundless grace is this !
Like God, and God alone it is !
(The vilest in his name may trust)
While he forgives, divinely just !

6 Hence fill'd with rapture, we his praise
In grateful, joyful songs do raise ;
And foes surpriz'd sometimes exclaim
“ The Lord hath done great things for them !”

7 Yes, he hath done great things for us,
Whereof we're glad, and glory thus ;
And well we in his work may boast,
For Jesus dy'd to save the lost !

8 O still from Satan's bondage, Lord
Do thou deliverance afford :
As streams enrich the barren ground,
So let thy grace in us be found.

9 And as we need it more and more,
May we still see unbounded store,
Grace, reigning thro' Christ's worth, may we
For us still all sufficient see.

10 For tho' we sow in tears, ere long
No sigh shall interrupt our song !
When Christ in glory shall appear,
We'll, joyful, reap without a tear.

108 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

11 For Christ the man, with power to save,
Did go forth weeping to the grave;
And in the earth *this precious seed*
Himself, the grain of wheat, was laid.

12 Now glorious fruit from him doth spring,
Which he'll returning, with him bring;
In that glad day his ransom'd throng,
Full of his joy, shall come along.

13 He comes! let all his people say
Amen—Ev'n so—Lord come away!
Soon may thy sheaves be gather'd in,
And thy expected reign begin.

14 For thou shalt reign on earth, and we
Hope Lord to reign as kings with thee:
O may we looking for that day,
Spurn every other hope away.

See in bold S O N G LXXV. *rather for*

MAN like a flow'r at morn appears,
And blooms perhaps a few short years:
The flatt'rer *hope* still leads him on,
Pursuing pleasure, finding none;
Or, if he finds it for a day,
It soon takes wing and flies away!

2 Oft things which promise passing fair,
Deceive, and yield him nought but care:
Cares, ever various, ever new,
Is all the happiest ever knew;
Comes joy, care with it comes along,
And spoils the syren's sweetest song!

3 *See pleasure with bewitching charms,
Man grasps it in his eager arms;*

The vision swift dissolves in air—
He grasps—but finds it is not there!
The airy phantom still he views,
And still as vainly he pursues!

4 A better hope the Christian cheers,
Which joyful thro' life's gloom appears;
Firm on a rock his hope he builds,
Which to no storm nor tempest yields;
Let earth dissolve—he will not fear,
For why, his hope's not fixed here.

5 He looks to heav'n, where every joy
Is pure, unmixed with alloy;
Joys such as mortals never knew,
Nor raptur'd fancy ever drew;
Joys which shall never pass away,
Tho' heav'n and earth should both decay!

6 Tho' here afflictions do annoy,
There sorrow shall be turn'd to joy;
Tho' troubles here the sigh do raise,
There's nothing heard in heav'n but praise:
Pleasures past utterance they share,
And face to face see Jesus there!

7 And shall the world's deceitful smile
Us of the glorious hope beguile?
Shall we earth's empty pleasures prize,
And heav'n seem little in our eyes?
It must not be—vain dreams away,—
Let's look for joys which ne'er decay.

Willm. S O N G LXXVI. *Lyon*

THIS day, we call to memory,
That Christ the Lord for us did die:

110 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

He bore the curse us to relieve ;
And dy'd, that we might ever live.

2 But death no power on him could have ;
For death he conquer'd and the grave ;
And pass'd triumphantly on high,
Where now he reigns eternally.

3 This day, a sign to us is giv'n,
That peace is now enthron'd in heav'n ;
That grace, through righteousness divine,
Unto eternal life doth reign.

4 Christ now is enter'd to his rest ;
And we by faith in him are blest,
With pardon free and heav'nly peace ;
All flowing from his sov'reign grace.

5 By this, we hope a blest release
From sin and death ; and henceforth cease
To work for life, since Jesus said
With his last breath, *'Tis finished !*

6 Then let us on this holy day
To him our grateful worship pay ;
On his eternal worth rely,
And love and serve him chearfully.

Frederick S O N G LXXVII. *Rutherford*

HOW long shall it be, e'er thy saints, Lord, with thee,
As kings and as priests exalted shall reign ?
O when shall the time come that thou'lt bring them all
home,
With thee in thy glory for ay to remain.

2 Here ills are abounding, and dangers surrounding,
And sorrows perplexing us, day after day :
But when Christ appears, he will dry up our tears,
O ! Come then Lord Jesus, Come quickly away.

- 3 No sin shall prevail, no temptations assail;
No evils be found, no doubts shall remain;
But joy shall abound, and peace smile around:
And holiness flourish when Christ comes again!
- 4 No pain's there remaining, nor cause of complaining,
But pleasures unbounded shall flow ever there:
What eye hath not seen, nor our thoughts can attain,
True, lasting, and glorious beyond all compare!
- 5 They'll all join their praises, with joy there to Jesus,
And all sing the worth of the Lamb who was slain;
They'll ever adore him, who lov'd and dy'd for them,
And wash'd their robes white, that with him they might
reign!

Archibalds S O N G LXXVIII. *Ruthier, 102.*

- H**AIL! hail! the happy wish'd for time,
When Jesus shall appear:
When the last trumpet loud shall sound,
And all the dead shall hear.
- 2 They'll burst the bands of death with joy,
And loud Hosannas raise:
In him who lov'd them they'll rejoice,
And glorious make his praise.
- 3 "Thou! Thou art worthy" still shall be
The burden of their song;
"For thou redeem'd us, and to thee
"The glory doth belong."
- 4 We hope to join the grateful note,
And with loud triumph sing,
"Where? where's thy vict'ry now, O grave!
"O death! where is thy sting?"

Actual SONG LXXIX. *Rutherford*

WHEN pale distress o'erspreads the face,
 And dismal fears of death take place,
 What then shall soothe the troubled breast,
 And give th' awaken'd conscience rest?

When life is to a period brought,
 And all its joys not worth a thought,
 What is it then can calm the soul?
 And what our doubts and fears controul?

2 Men set our worth before our eyes,
 And boast the comforts thence which rise;
 A life well spent, they say gives joy,
 Which death nor hell can ne'er destroy.

But where's this well spent life they boast?
 God's law once seen, man's worth is lost;
 God's awful justice loud doth sound,
 And dash our boasting to the ground!

3 Not our sincerity of heart,
 Nor works, nor worth, can peace impart:
 At death all these dissolve in air,
 Christ's worth alone's sufficient there.

Christ's blood, and only *his* can save,
 And make us conqu'rors o'er the grave:
 It death unstings, and shows us how
 God can be *just* and *gracious* too!

4 Hence has the weak and tim'rous soul
 Been seen to triumph at the goal:
 And neither doubt nor terror show,
 But joy'd to feel the pulse beat slow.

How have they joy'd in Jesus' name,
His worth divine their darling theme!
Thro' that alone expect the crown,
Then smile at death, and mock his frown!

5 Thus when they pass thro' death's dark vale,
In vain do doubts and fears assail!
The Lord is with his people there,
His rod and staff their comfort are.

O when to us these shades appear,
May God our comforter be near,
Make strong our faith as life decays,
And tune our dying lips to praise!

Archibald S O N G LXXX. *Ps. cxlvi.*

WHEN God's own Son from heav'n came down
And tabernacled here below,
He made his grace and mercy known,
Yet stood expos'd to want and woe!
Despis'd and destitute was he,
He who the earth's foundations laid:
Beasts found a shelter, birds a shade,
He had not where to lay his head!

2 Yet man presumptuous dares complain,
When sorrows come, or wants assail;
Th' Eternal sov'reign they arraign,
And think his tender mercies fail.
But why complain, is't not enough
The servant as his Lord appear?
Thro' suff'ring he was perfect made,
We (suff'ring too) his blest shall share.

3 O ye of little faith look up,
See, careless, fly the birds of air,
Nor barns, nor store houses have they,
Yet, ev'n of those doth God take care.
The very flow'rs which deck the field;
And shine more bright than kings e'er shone;
Tho' soon they fade, yet God them cloaths;
Is man forgot then,—man alone?

114 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

4 When Israel out of Egypt came

By God's strong arm, and wonders great,
When hunger threaten'd, their faith fail'd,

"Can God, they said, give flesh to eat?"

Ev'n *Moses* ask'd "where shall we find

"Food for the crouds which here resort?"

God check'd his doubts with this reply

"Say, Is your Maker's hand wax'd short?"

5 Ev'n while they murmur'd he them fed!——

We have been fed, and murmur'd too ;

For food and raiment oft repin'd,

Yet have been fed and cloth'd till now.

And is his hand now waxed short?

Away our doubts and fears away ;

The lilies grow, and birds are fed,—

His people are not less than they. 5

Archibald S O N G LXXXI. *Ruthven*

WHEN *Isr'el* sinn'd against their God,

His awful wrath began to flame ;

He sent his pow'rful word abroad,

And fiery serpents instant came ;

Fierce pain assail'd the guilty host around,

And all attempts of cure were fruitless found.

2 When God does wound, there's none but he

Relief can to the wounded give ;

'Tis he who sets the captive free,

And bids despairing wretches live !

He speaks ; and peace, and gladness fill the soul,

And mercy flows to man without controul.

3 He said to *Moses* graciously,

"Go thou, a brazen serpent make,

"And on a pole exalt it high,

"And let the guilty comfort take :

"Whoever looks to that shall quickly know (flow." "

" 'Tis God who wounds,—and he does health be-

4 But ye redeem'd, lift up your eyes,
And see, what Moses faintly shows,
Christ lifted up for sinners dies!

To save from death rebellious foes!
Whoe'er, believing, looks to him shall live;
Eternal life is his alone to give.

5 The world he came not to condemn,
As guilty mortals well might fear;
But peace and pardon to proclaim;
This was his gracious errand here.
Our works he wrought—and justice satisfy'd,
For us he groan'd, and in our stead he dy'd.

6 Let the proud boaster vainly think,
By his own merit God to please;
Or that Christ's work is not enough,
To give the guilty conscience ease.
May that *alone* for ever be our boast,
Thro' life our glory, and in death our trust.

Archibald's S O N G LXXXII. *Reverence*

WHEN Christ in poverty appear'd, (slain,
Was crown'd with thorns, and scourg'd, and
Man's understanding was declar'd,
And all his boasted wisdom, vain.

2 His haughty pride, alarm'd, cry'd out;
" Shall this despis'd One, o'er us reign?
" By him, who thus inglorious dy'd,
" Must we the divine favour gain?

3 " What, shall that worth all men admire,
" Which we rejoyce to call our own,

116 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

“ With God be deem’d a thing most vile,
 “ And all who trust it be undone ?

4 “ Shall he who is all goodness, e’er
 “ Our aims to please him thus condemn ?
 “ Must we with thieves and murd’ers stand,
 “ As much oblig’d to grace as them !”

5 That boasted dignity of soul
 In which man glories, shudders here ;
 Reas’ners, and Pharisees, take arms,
 As if God would unjust appear.

6 Let them presumptuous still go on,
 And glory in their fancy’d worth ;
 We’ll boast the work which Jesus wrought,
 And bearing his reproach, go forth !

7 However foolish God’s way seems,
 ’Tis wiser than Man’s wisdom far :
 More strong is his weak way to save,
 Than all their schemes of safety are.

8 He scorns the things men most admire,
 And chuses what they most despise :
 The weak, the mighty to abase ;
 The foolish, to confound the wise !

9 The vallies rais’d—the hills brought low,
 Before him all men equal stand :
 To whom he will, he mercy shews,
 For none *deserve* it at his hand !

10 But Jesus dying said “ ’Tis done,”
 And God approv’d—this gives relief
 Ev’n to the vilest,—for he dy’d
 For sinners, and of such the chiefs

11 Here’s worth divine in which to trust,
 Whoe’er will boast, come glory here ;

CHRISTIAN SONGS: 1

Here God can boundless mercy show,
And yet divinely just appear!

Robert S O N G LXXXIII. *Anders*

THE victim's flesh, without the camp,
Was burnt, as stain'd with sin;
Whose blood was for atonement brought,
The holy place within.

2 So Christ, that by his blood he might
His people sanctify,
Loaded with guilt, without the gate,
Was led to groan and die.

3 Tho' his pure heart, when tempted much,
Ne'er lodg'd an impious thought;
Yet sov'reign grace, the sins of all
His people, on him brought.

4 The earthly church, tho' ill they meant,
Did yet conspire to shew,
(By loading him with heinous crimes)
He was the victim true.

5 With crimes their own, not his, they did
The Just One vilify;
With felons vile, they led him forth,
A felon's death to die.

6 Thus the reproaches of our crimes
Against the Highest done,
Not whence they came, fell back;—but fell
All on the Holy One.

7 But shall we, dare we, join his foes,
By low'ring our esteem
Of him, because he stoop'd so low,
Such wretches to redeem?

118 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

- 8 Nay, rather let us leave the camp,
And unto him go forth,
Bearing our honour, his reproach,
And glory in his worth.
- 9 Because the sov'reign judge of worth
Hath put the highest price
On his abasement, and hath made
Him Lord of Paradise.
- 10 Deign'd he to come so nigh to us,
As not to count it shame,
To call us brethren? Should we blush
At ought that bears his name?
- 11 Nay, let us *boast* in his reproach,
And *glory* in his Cross:
When he appears, one smile from him
Will far o'erpay our loss.

His Son's S O N G LXXXIV. *Leigh*

- COME brethren, lift up your souls, tune y
And praise the author of your being. (voi
Th' angelic song the heav'nly host rejoices,
Swift to his praise, to his will still on the w
Hail! blest throng,
For your tongue
Still is strung
To the song,
That his mercy endureth for ever.
- 2 To him who made these glorious hosts, cele
habitants,
To praise him, and shew forth his glory,
To minister around, as guardians to his fair
Sojourning in this lower story.

Heav'n's resound
 To his name,
 With the sound
 Of the theme,
 his mercy endureth for ever.

o him who inhabits eternity, who made
 his beauteous world, and yon glorious heav'n,
 o bade to shine yon glorious orbs which roll
 around your head;
 and measure out the morn and ev'n,
 Whilst ye gaze
 On his ways,
 Tune your lays
 To his praise,
 his mercy endureth for ever.

o him who from eternity bore us upon his heart;
 his love, like himself, is eternal;
 o bare all our sins, and felt the wrathful smart,
 from God, wicked men, powers infernal,
 For his love,
 Most profound,
 Still doth move,
 Knows no bound,
 his mercy endureth for ever.

o him that united his god-head to our nature,
 When wretched, accursed, abandon'd, forlorn,
 he's God, still he's man, (mysterious matter,)
 Who to own his brotherhood doth not scorn.
 The curse he,
 On the tree,
 Bore that we,
 Might be free;
 his mercy endureth for ever.

120 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

6 Reviled, rejected, despised, contemned,
 Afflicted, yea poor as a beggar,
 Persecuted, perverted, arraigned, condemned,
 His cordial was gall and vinegar;
 Crucify'd
 Twixt two thieves,
 There he dy'd,
 Who e'er lives; 2
 For his mercy endureth for ever.

Archibald S O N G LXXXV. *Rutherford*

WHAT tho' these bodies shall decay,
 And moulder into dust?
 What tho' this world shall pass away,
 As all its glories must?

2 Why let them pass,——'Tis nought to us;
 In heav'n our treasure lies;
 Our hope is there,——there's all our trust,
 Where joys unfading rise.

3 New heav'ns and earth we hope to see,
 Where Jesus ever reigns;
 Where nothing hurtful e'er shall be;
 No sorrow,—sin,—nor pains.

4 Our eyes no more then dim'd with tears;
 No fear shall there be found:
 Nor sigh be heard, when Christ appears;
 But endless joys abound.

5 We'll chearful bid these scenes adieu,
 Which worldly men most prize:
 We've other glories in our view,
 Glories beyond the skies:

5 Glories which never shall decay,
 But evermore remain;

hile endless ages pass away,
Beginning to begin.

These are the times when Christians yet
Shall bliss unbounded share;
At all who for this mercy wait,
To meet their God prepare.

For lo! he comes! Loud anthems raise;
Be his great name ador'd:
May our last theme be Jesus' praise;
Our song, "Come quickly, Lord."

Psalm SONG LXXXVI. *Leighton*

WE who need mercy every hour,
And by compassions stand,
Could shew that mercy to the poor
Which Jesus doth command:

In evidence that we have fled
For mercy to his blood;
How flows of grace, which flow in the
Compassions of our God.

Think what your need of mercy was,
When all your merit vain
You saw,—and all mere loss and dung;
How sweet was mercy then?

Show forth a sense of all that grace;
Regard the widow's plaint:
With mercy meet the hunger-starv'd,
Whose faces speak their want.

Christ in his members asks your alms;
Speaks in his brethren's cries:
The widow's wail his language is;
And orphans sigh his sighs.

222 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

- 6 The lonely widow, desolate,
With chearfulness, relieve;
The fatherless commiserate;
Bread to the hungry give.
- 7 See! how the husbandman his seed
With lib'ral hand doth sow,
In hope of gladning harvest, when
His barns with wealth shall flow;
- 8 So, we a glorious harvest hope:
Sow sparingly no more;—
We hope to reap eternal life,
A never failing store!

Christiana SONG LXXXVII. *Ruth*

- C**OME with united voices raise
Your chearful songs of grateful praise;
And wide proclaim the boundless grace
Of Jesus, King of glory!
- 2 He bow'd the heavens, and came down,
And left for us th' eternal throne;
For all our sins he did atone,
That we might share his glory!
- 3 He who the heav'ns and earth did make,
Humbled himself ev'n for our sake;
And did the human nature take;
Thus vailing all his glory!
- 4 A man of sorrows he became,
And bore for us contempt and shame,
While he salvation did proclaim;
And pay'd our way to glory!
- 5 For sinners destitute and poor,
He did God's fiercest wrath endure,

CHRISTIAN SONGS.

he our pardon might procure,
And lead us into glory!

him his people's guilt was laid;
then he bow'd his gracious head;
divine justice frown'd him dead,
E're we could share his glory!

Tho' well he knew the dreadful sum
at must be paid, he said, "I come;"
shrank not back, till all was done,
To bring lost man to glory!

His work's compleat! nought wanting found!
ere mercy flows, and knows no bound;
and all his saints shall yet be crown'd,
To reign with him in glory!

O! let us then with transport raise
Our loudest songs of grateful praise;
And evermore adore the grace
Which freely leads to glory!

John S O N G LXXXVIII. *Glas*

THIS is the day on which the Lord
Who loved us, and gave
Himself a sacrifice for us,
Was raised from the grave.

2 He brought with him the peace divine
By his own blood procur'd;
The world can give no peace like this,
By his life well secur'd.

3 Death's pangs, about the prince of life,
As waves against a rock
Did dash themselves,—and broken were;
For he could bear the shock.

124 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

4 Death could not hold the Son of God,
Nor could that Holy One
Corruption see, whose worth our sins
Could expiate alone.

5 The Father resting in his love,
To life the Son hath rais'd ;
As light from fire, so shin'd he forth
From wrath divine appeas'd.

6 His merit infinite prevail'd ;
His blood again him brought
From all the wrath our sins deserv'd,
And our redemption wrought.

7 The Holy Spirit quickened him,
The first born of the dead ;
And all that power which works in us,
He shew'd first in our Head.

8 Then let us hate the sins which caus'd
The dying of our Lord ;
Let us rejoice in him our life,
And in his praise accord.

9 God's mercies we will ever sing ;
Good-will gave him to die ;
Complaisance rais'd him again ;
To reign eternally :

10 He lives for ever as our Priest,
Our Prophet, and our King,
On Zion mount, where glory shines ;
And there he will us bring.

11 Thro' him our access unto God
By faith is bold and free ;
Thro' him the Father's near to us ;
His Sp'rit gives liberty.

12 His life on the right hand of God,
The pledge is of our life,
When he returns again, and ends
The long continued strife,

13 By putting death and all our foes
Beneath our feet, and us
Advancing high to reign with him
In life most glorious.

14 Then let us look for him with whom
Our life is safe and sure;
And let us die to this vain life;
And patiently endure,

15 Till he who is our life appear;
And then shall we with him
In glory shine; and endless joy
Shall fill our souls to brim.

Archibald S O N G LXXXIX. *Rutherford*

GLORY to God, now mercy reigns:
For ever on the throne;
And grace flows free, thro' Jesus' worth,
To sinners, who have none.

2 His blood can cleanse from ev'ry sin;
His worth gives sure relief:
'Twas sinners whom he came to save,
And ev'n of them *the chief*.

3 'Tis not by any worth of ours,
Nor works which we have done,
That God is pleas'd;—He's pleas'd alone
In his beloved Son.

4 No sacrifice which man could bring,
Could calm the guilty breast;

126 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

But Christ compleat atonement made :
This, only This, gives rest.

5 He is the rock establish'd sure
 On which firm hope to build :
 Hell's utmost malice threats in vain,
 While he's our strength and shield.

6 His work is perfect, and outweighs
 Guilt's aggravating load !
 Infinite virtue's in his blood,
 For 'tis the blood of God !

Psalm S O N G XC. *Waterstone*

HOW glorious is thy name
 Thro' all the ransom'd host,
*O worthy Lamb !—*who came
 To seek and save the lost !

2 Thou art beyond compare
 Most precious in our fight !
 Than sons of men more fair ;
 And infinite in might !

3 Thy perfect work divine
 Makes us for ever blest :
 Here truth and mercy shine ;
 And men with God do rest.

4 Thy ways are far above
 The ways of men, O God !
 Above their thoughts thy love,
 In saving by thy blood.

5 Let us count all things loss
 That *jesus* we may win :
Let's glory in his cross,
 And leave the paths of sin.

6 In him let us rejoice ;
 Salvation he hath wrought :
 Be his commands our choice :
 For with his blood we're bought.

John S O N G XCI. *Barnard*

THUS faith the church's head,
 Judge of the quick and dead,
 Quickly I come :

Let my redeemed pray,
 O Lord ! make no delay ;
 Hasten that happy day :
 Lord, quickly come.

2 Let us, with one accord,
 Shout our returning Lord ;
 Welcome him near :

Soon shall he come again ;
 Soon shall begin his reign ;
 Soon shall his foes be slain ;
 Soon he'll appear.

3 Earthquakes and storms attend ;
 Rocks, hills, and mountains rend ;
 Who shall abide ?

Heav'ns melt, and thunders roar ;
 Seas rage and rend the shore ;
 Hope sinks, to rise no more ;
 Rocks cannot hide.

4 See how the lightnings blaze !
 Jesus his wrath displays ;
 Vengeance appears :

Lift up your heads with joy,
 Ye suff'ring company ;
 Now your redemption's nigh :
 Banish your fears.

128 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

5 Jesus who dy'd for sins,
 Now in his glory shines,
 Claiming his own ::
 " Father, I will (saith he)
 " Those thou hast given me,
 " Should all my glory see,
 " Sharing my throne

6 Well may the ransom'd throng
 Make sov'reign grace their song,
 Mercy adore ::
 For all their works are done
 By him who fills the throne ;
 Praise to the Lamb alone
 For evermore.

7 Now shall the scarlet whore
 Shed blood of faints no more ;
 Boasting her slain ::
 Now wrath has fill'd her cup ;
 Now she drinks vengeance up ;
 Torments, devoid of hope ;
 Endless her pain.

John Glas

S O N G XCII. Rev. xix. 16.

WHEN the King of Kings comes,
 When the King of Kings comes ;
 We shall have a joyful day,
 When the King of Kings comes.

2 We'll see the righteous cause prevail,
 And all debates decided well,
 And all mouths stop'd which lies do tell ;
 When the King of Kings comes.

3 When the trump of God calls,
 And the last of foes falls ;

CHRISTIAN SONGS. 15

all have a joyful day,
When the King of Kings comes.

We'll see the saints rais'd from the dead,
All together gathered,
Made like to their glorious Head;
Then the King of Kings comes.

When the Lord from heaven comes,
And the host of heaven comes;
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of Kings comes.

We'll see the nations broken down,
And kingdoms now of great renown,
And the saints enjoy the crown;
When the King of Kings comes.

When this world's course is run,
And the judgment is begun;
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of Kings comes.

We'll see the sons of God well known,
All spotless to their Father shown,
And Jesus his poor brethren own;
When the King of Kings comes.

When the foes distress comes,
And the Church's rest comes;
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of Kings comes.

We'll see the man of sin destroy'd,
And all his helpers fore annoy'd,
And freedom full by saints enjoy'd;
When the King of Kings comes.

We'll see the New Jerusalem,
In fullness, and its matchless frame,

136 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

Surpassing all report and fame ;
When the King of Kings comes.

12 We'll see all things by him restor'd,
And the Lord alone ador'd,
By all the saints with one accord ; 2^o

When the King of Kings comes.

*the 2^o Song made after the Church at Dunro
was united by* S O N G XCIII. *John Glas*

WOND'ROUS patience toward them,
Who do still prophane thy name,
Thou art shewing ; yet the more
Thankless we provoke ! therefore
What is man that thou should'st mind,
Such a wretch in such a kind !

2 Abused patience, into wrath
Should be turn'd, all reason faith ;
And rich goodness still despis'd,
Should bring us to hell surpris'd.
What is man that thou should'st mind,
Such a wretch in such a kind !

3 Yet thy mercy ent'red in,
Mercy great, forgiving sin ;
And when sin did much abound,
More abundant grace was found :
What is man that thou should'st mind,
Such a wretch in such a kind !

4 Where sin reigned unto death,
Conquering grace gives life and breath
To love divine,—and Jesus reigns
O'er the fruit of all his pains.
What is man that thou should'st mind,
Such a wretch in such a kind !

5 For his soul did travail sore,
 To bring forth to God full store
 Of living sons, that he the first
 Born from the dead, should rule the rest.
 What is man that thou should'st mind,
 Such a wretch in such a kind!

6 Justice saith that we should live,
 And to our redeemer give
 Tribute due of thanks and praise,
 Singing in his righteous ways.
 What is man that thou should'st mind,
 Such a wretch in such a kind!

7 Is it not our service due
 To his yoke our necks to bow?
 After him the cross to bear,
 Whose cross frees us from all fear?
 What is man that thou should'st mind,
 Such a wretch in such a kind!

Robert S O N G XCIV. *Lindeman*

WHEN I, a sinner, think on death,
 It yields me great relief,
 That Christ endur'd the cross, and dy'd
 For sinners, ev'n the chief.

2 And that he rose, and comes again,
 Full fraught with life and pow'r,
 To raise our bodies, that they may
 Corruption see no more.

3 But I am puzzled still to think,
 When all our members die,
 How these our spirits, separate,
 Can either live or be.

132. CHRISTIAN SONGS.

- 4 Since our souls' life consists in thought ;
How can we further think,
When all our instruments of thought is
Are utterly extinct ?
- 5 Fear not, saith Jesus, follow me,
I past that state before ;
The glory, round me, to your souls
A clothing shall restore.
- 6 Your souls departing trust to me,
And to my care commend :
Death's keys I have ; and from it's sting
I can your souls defend.
- 7 When this your house of earth's dissolv'd,
You shall not naked be ;
A house eternal in the heav'ns
Shall cover you with me.
- 8 Abundant entrance I'll give you
Into my kingdom blest'd,
There present to abide with me,
Of heav'nly house possess'd.
- 9 Think how the moon's opacous globe,
And how the planets bright,
A being have among the orbs
Who minister the light.
- 10 Do they not shine, by dwelling in
The bright, the living rays,
Which that refulgent orb, the sun,
Thro' all the world displays.
- 11 So you by me, the fount of light,
The sun of righteousness,
As lesser lights, with borrow'd rays,
Shall shine in holiness.

- 12 Our body's absence is no loss :
For, saith his faithful word,
That absence fully is supplied
By presence with the Lord.
- 13 Our mortal shall be cloath'd upon
With immortality ;
Mortality shall swallow'd be
Of life eternally.
- 14 And in due time, when loos'd from death,
Our bodies also shall
Within these mansions, near the Lord,
Reside thro' ages all.
- 15 While in this house then, let us live
Unto the Lord, that when
He comes in glory, we with him
May ever live.—AMEN.

E L E G I E S.

John Glas on his Son John Glas
E L E G Y I.

WHAT is our life in this vain world ?
At best, but as a taper,
Which shines away—We blaze a while,
Then vanish like a vapour.

2 Vain are our cares, as vain our hopes,
And boastings of to-morrow :
We mind not, that, thro' sin, we're born
To trouble and to sorrow.

3 The breath of life is still expos'd
To many thousand dangers ;

M

And death is sure: the case know well,
Nor to the cure be strangers.

4 Incline the ear and come to me;
Your souls shall live in hearing:
Your life is hid with me in God,
Reserv'd to my appearing.

5 Fear not, I am that living One,
Who unsting'd death by dying:
Take up your cross, relieve the poor,
Me follow, self-denying.

6 For see, I live for evermore,
From death's hand to receive you,
To reign in endless life with me:
My word shall ne'er deceive you.

7 Then, death, where is thy sting? O
Where is thy mighty conquest?
Thy sting is sin; its strength the law:
The cross thy pow'r hath vanquish'd

8 Our souls to thee we do commend,
Lord of the dead and living:
In life and death we'll cleave to thee;
None perish thee believing.

Robert Lancelman on his own Wife

E L E G Y II.

'MIDST wasting pains for many days
I saw thee death's dark vale descend
The great good Shepherd, kind always,
Thy heart from terror did defend.

2 Thy heart at breaking gleam'd delight
Henceforth, thy sun shall ne'er go do
The Lord's thy everlasting light,
Thy God, thy never-fading crown.

O let that tender kindness still
 Me from all threatenng dangers free ;
 my vain life, by God's good will,
 An happy end, like thine, may see.

No more shall sin and death annoy,
 No fear suggest a secret groan ;
 e Lord's thy everlasting joy,
 Thy mourning days for ever gone.

Robert Sandeman on
Thomas E L E G Y III. *to his*

WRAPT in the shades of death ! no more
 That friendly face I see ;
 apty, ah ! empty every place,
 Once so well fill'd by thee.

What made thy comely presence dear,
 My heart with sorrow swells ;
 t what endear'd thee most entire,
 With us for ever dwells.

The truth divine did live in thee ;
 That truth shall never die ;
 hat breath'd sweet odour from thy lips,
 Embalms thy memory.

He dwells in God who dwells in love ;
 Yet echoes round thy grave ;—
 est they, who thee, eternal God !
 Their habitation have.

Here's room for us ; we'll mourn in hope,
 Lament with thankful voice ;
 ! quickly comes the Lord, to give
 His church unfading joys.

Alexander Glas on his Sister Jean
E L E G Y IV.

AS streams, ambitious to be lost,
Push forward to the sea;
So runs thy narrow span of life,
To meet eternity.

2 The weary springs of life grown dull,
Their painful task give o'er;
Death now sits hov'ring on thy lip,
And bids thee be no more.

3 Who would in life repose his bliss,
So subject to decay;
Ready with wings, at ev'ry step,
To start and fly away?

4 Say, saint, what raptures swell'd thy soul,
When on thy closing eyes
Heav'n dawn'd, and boundless love and grace,
Bade joys on joys arise?

5 How did thy bosom pant for death,
Thy Saviour to enjoy?
How oft's that name made pain to smile,
And sickness bloom with joy?

6 Jesus! thy name can smoothe the face
Of death with sweetest song;
Thy love can make the guiltiest wretch
Go joyful to the tomb.

7 Methinks I see thy quiv'ring soul,
Just started from the clay,
Mount heav'n with wings, and Jesus' face,
His form, his wounds survey;

8 Amazing love o'erwhelms thy soul,
And, O my God! you cry:

Thy Saviour smiles, and wipes the tear
Just starting from thine eye.

9 Nor need you blush before your God,
Tho' stripp'd of ev'ry sense,
With divine merit cloth'd, and safe
Beside Omnipotence.

10 The naked soul beneath this worth
Shall find new organs rise ;
By this, new joys in Jesus' form,
Shall feast your ravish'd eyes.

11 Thy God, thy maker, on thee smiles
With mercy's sweetest beams ;
Say, can thy infant heart contain
Such new transporting scenes ?

12 O lov'd of God ! such rapt'rous joys
Transcend a mortal's theme :
Yet these are joys for man prepar'd,—
—'Tis not an idle dream.

13 How oft in racks, in fire, and death,
Have faithful Christians sought
That bliss thou now enjoy'st, nor judg'd
The prize too dearly bought.

14 Thy endless life depends no more
On time, or fleeting years :
No grief is blended with thy bliss ;
Thy joys admit no tears.

15 Nor need'st thou grudge the years thou'st left,
Or hopes of flatt'ring time :
See ! future ages rise ; yea see
Eternity is thine !

16 No thought can add unto thy bliss,
No wish thy joys prolong ;

Nor sickness more, nor fev'rish pains,
Shall interrupt thy song.

17 O brethren! let this darling theme
From mouths like yours resound;
Nor think the labour lost, t' have sung
A soul with Jesus join'd.

See also on William Cowper
E L E G Y V.

AS billows roll to meet their fate,
And break upon the shore;
So rolls that billow, human life,
So breaks, and is no more.

2 Hush'd in the grave, life's busy dreams
Disturbs no more thy breast:
There empty, glitt'ring joys no more
Conspire to thwart thy rest.

3 Nor sin, nor future cares, invade
That land of long repose,
Where rest and mortals meet at last,
And are no longer foes.

4 Calm is the deep, and smooth the sea,
When hush'd from ev'ry breeze;
So calm the mind, so smooth the soul,
When ruffling passions cease.

5 Stretch'd in the grave, our last retreat,
You view at distance there
The vain pursuits of busy man,
And smile at human care.

6 Bless'd be the grave whose earth contains
What's dear to Jesus breast:
Let ev'ry soul whom Jesus warms
Pronounce the relics blest.

7 A time shall come, when life shall yet
Revive this mould'ring clay,
And these clos'd eyes shall yet awake,
And Jesus' form survey.

8 The dead to flatter, would be vain,
Or speak in praise of dust :
For *that* is all that's found of man,
Or human pride at last.

9 'Tis not my task with flatt'ring tongue,
Thy virtues to commend :
The man whom never spot deform'd,
Was never Jesus' friend.

10 Heav'n in rewarding Jesus' worth,
Thy merits shall unfold ;
Enough for thee—*that Jesus died ;*
And so thy bell is toll'd.

Clear glow when dying himself on
John E L E G Y VI. *Flaming*

BLESS'D in the mansions of thy God,
Thy tongue no more complains,
Of distance from thy Saviour's arms,
Of sickness, or of pains.

2 Another theme employs that voice,
A theme which pleases God ;
The excellence and worth divine,
O Jesus ! of thy blood.

3 For ever bless th' all bounteous God,
Who sent his only Son,
To work a righteousness divine,
For sinners, who had none.

4 This can compose the guiltiest soul,
And death's worst pangs beguile :

'Twas broadly viewing this, that made
Thy lips in death to smile.

5 What tho' like flow'rs nipt in their bloom;
Was thy untimely fate?

'Tis what we all must undergo,
And waits us soon or late.

6 Ev'n he who sings thy praise, whose soul
Now melts in mournful lays,
From other men shall shortly want:
That friendly tear * he pays.

7 Yet never shall he grudge the change,
While that same purity,
And worth divine, can join his soul
To Jesus and to thee.

But Sandeman or Alexander Glas

* 8 That tear I pay.—With thy last breath
In death I heard thee sing:
Short was thy song; but how sublime!

“O death! where is thy sting?”

William Lyon or Baillie Lyon his Brother

E L E G Y VII.

BLEST art thou friend! divinely blest,
Among the heav'nly throng,
Partaking of thy Saviour's smiles;
And joining in the song;

2 “All praise and thanks unto the Lamb;
“Who bought us with his blood;

“And without fault presented us
“Before the throne of God.”

3 A crown of life adorns thy head;
Thou dwell'st with endless joy:
Continual raptures fire thy breast,—
Bliss which knows no alloy.

4 Life's idle dream thou hast slept out ;
 Its cares are past away,
 Which prey upon the human mind,
 Renewing ev'ry day.

5 Waking, thou found'st thyself convey'd
 To lands of lasting peace ;
 And the first object struck thine eye,
 Was the dear Saviour's face.

6 Prostrate before him thou didst fall,
 And, full of transport, cry'd,
 These are the triumphs of thy grace,
 Jesus ! for thou hast dy'd.

*Robert Landeman on his 70th birthday
 by her own last words put into verse*

E. L. E. G. Y. VIII.

THOU' I'm in pain, and tho' a load
 Of sorrows hath me overtaken ;
 He ever lives, who said, My God !
 My God ! why hast thou me forsaken ?

2 In vain I turn myself for ease ;
 My bed it's wonted softness loses :
 The king of peace my dust shall raise,
 And in his presence full repose is.

3 The gloomy shades of death draw near ;
 My wound forbids evasion for me :
 But he, whose word first quell'd my fear,
 To endless joys will soon restore me.

4 Forth from the grave where thou wast laid,
 How rich refreshing is the flavour !
 Nor death, nor life, nor ought that's made,
 Can ever sep'rate from thy favour.

5 The worms my humbled body claim ;
 My heart and strength are just a going.

But in thy presence is a stream
Of purest pleasures ever flowing.

6 My tent dissolv'd, I'll feel no want
Of lodging, when to me is given,
With Jesus and the perfect saints,
An house eternal in the heaven.

*2000 The Son of Robert Sandeman who
of Sandeman in America*
E L E G Y IX. *1771*

THOU sacred word of matchless might!
O Word of truth divine!

Bless'd be the day when first thy light
'Mong men began to shine.

2 Aside from thee, where shall we look,
Whose lives are but a span?
Nothing is found in nature's book
Like hope for *dying* man.

3 Eternal darkness must have held
Uninterrupted sway;
Had not that darkness been dispell'd
By thy all-chearing ray.

4 Why then's thy sacred light and bliss
Despis'd by great and small?—
Because the love of darkness is
The common taste of all.

5 But happy, happy 'tis for man,
Thy light still shines abroad;
That still thy page displays the plan,
And grand designs of God.

6 Then tell us, sacred word, when shall
The Lord's redeem'd arise?
Then shall they hear his powerful call,
To meet him in the skies?

7 When the arch-angel's trump shall blow,
His dead the sound shall hear :
And rising from the tombs below,
Shall meet him in the air.

8 But deign, O sacred Word, to say
If he Man's sorrows feels ;
O what concern protracts his stay ?
Why stop his chariot-wheels ?

9 'Tis a concern of boundless grace
And great good-will to man ;
Long suffering patience stops his pace,
Till he completes his plan.

10 'Till all the many sons, with whom
The son of God took part,
Shall in the fight of faith, like him,
Learn lowliness of heart.

11 Conform'd to him by his employ,
In shame, reproach, and thrall :
Like him, before the cup of joy,
First taste the cup of gall.

12 O then ! quick as the light'ning darts,
Shall Jesus soon appear,
And heal his people's aching hearts,
And wipe away each tear.

13 The man whose mem'ry we revere,
Drank deep in sorrow's cup,
And learn'd by disappointments here,
Far better things to hope ;

14 Like the first foll'wers of the Lord,
Whose lives and doctrines he
Admir'd and copy'd ; and their word
To speak was bold and free.

15 This bus'ness made him many foes,
Few friends and scanty bread,
And scarcely found he at life's close
A place to lay his head.

16 Yet he complain'd not, nor repin'd,
But ever kept in view
That matchless humbleness of mind
Which God's dear Son did shew.

17 Patience and hope on ev'ry side,
(His comfort and his stay)
Did surely join, his steps to guide,
Else he had lost the way.

18 But patience with the cordial word
Refresh'd his memory,
He talk'd of joys with which the Lord
Rewarded is on high.

19 When hope and patience deign to guide
Man in the narrow way ;
With ease they'll in the path abide ;
Far from it never stray.

*Robert Sandeman, Minister who died at
Dec. 1742 by Miss Ruthven's*

E L E G Y X.

OUR brother nipt in early bloom,
Has left this scene of idle care ;
He's reach'd his Father's house in peace ;
We mourn.—But there's no mourning there

2 While we on earth assembling join'd,
To Jesus name our songs to raise,
He fled to join the heav'nly throng,
Ent'ring th' eternal courts with praise.

3 What tho' his active manly strength
Did promise length of healthy days ;
What could the longest life have giv'n,
Compar'd with what he there surveys ?

- 4 Long life had giv'n but toils and pains,
Griefs under which the bravest bow;
Sins, disappointments, anxious cares,
And oft to feel what *we feel now*.
- 5 This had giv'n room for many doubts
And fears lest he the faith let go:
An evil heart of unbelief,
And all the troubles thence that flow.
- 6 Now there's no fear of falling left;
Now unbelief assaults no more:
The fight of faith is done;—his pains,
And sins, and anxious cares are o'er.
- 7 What tho' he promis'd fair to shine
In active life, esteem'd by all!
Sure those have shone enough, whom God,
Christ to confess hath pleas'd to call.
- 8 And wherefore did we wish him shine?
Was heav'n our vast ambition's bound?
What then tho' here he shines no more,
Since *all that's worth pursuit* he's found.
- 9 But 'tis *our* loss we mourn: Alas!
Poor selfish creatures that we are!—
Yet dry the tear.—*We'll meet again!*
Nor is the time now distant far.
- 10 Then joy shall spread o'er ev'ry face,
While *our united songs* we raise,
With raptures new to Jesus' name,
And tell the wonders of his grace!
- John Glas who died at Dundee Tuesday 20*
3 taken from different elegies made on it
- OUR Elder and our faithful friend, *Occasion*
Who was by us so much belov'd.

Death now, from all the ills of life,
To endless glory hath remov'd.

2 To speak his praise is not our theme :
All praise and glory ever be
To him who taught his heart to know
God's boundless grace and mercy free.

3 Led by th' unerring hand of him,
Who giveth grace to whom he will ;
He rose from Babel, to bring forth
Christ's captives, and his word fulfill.

4 Trembling at that enduring word;
The ancient Christian order he
Reviv'd ; and now, Christ's little flocks
In order, as at first we see.

5 Before these flocks he chearful went:
In faith and fervent charity :
In patient suff'ring, joyful hope,
And self-denied humility.

6 No lordship o'er the flocks he claim'd ;
Their God he led them to revere ;
To all God's words regard to shew,
And of none else to stand in fear.

7 The love of Christ inflam'd his breast:
With love and tender care alway,
To all who seem'd to love that truth,
In which his joy and comfort lay.

8 Oft did his bosom swell with grief,
When he their wants and troubles knew ;
And, like a tender hearted friend,
His love in deed and truth did shew.

9 The ease and pleasures of this life
And all its boasted honours vain,

With chearfulness he did forsake,
The truth of Jesus to maintain.

o Bold as a lion he appear'd,
When for that truth he did contend ;
For this no face of man he fear'd ;
But would oppose his dearest friend.

11 Much, much contempt and false reproach,
He did for it with joy endure ;
As knowing whom he had believ'd,
And that his word stands ever sure.

12 The blessed, heavenly, glorious hope
Of endless life, thro' Jesus' cross,
Was the great prize he had in view,
For *this* he counted all things loss.

13 Ev'n in old age, when other's fail,
He still in rich fruits did increase,
Until his course was fully run,
And then—his latter end was peace.

14 The world was crucify'd to him,
And he to it was crucify'd ;
By faith of Jesus Christ he liv'd,
And in the faith of him he dy'd.

15 Let us, dear brethren, follow him,
As he the Lord did follow still ;
And shew that we remember him,
By studying *his Master's* will.

16 And tho' we mourn, let's mourn in hope,
Our friend, tho' dead, shall rise again ;
Shall rise in glory, and with Christ,
Forever and forever reign.

I N D E X.

MOST of the Songs in this Book are in what is called common or long Metres ; the lines of the former contain eight and six Syllables alternately ; and those of the latter all eight, and four lines to each verse. No singer needs be at any loss for Tunes to these, as there are many Psalm and Song Tunes for such Metres. It may be observed however, that some of the Scots and English Song Tunes answer a few of them well, such as the following,

S O N G S.

VI. *Roslin-Castle ;—Coming thro' the Broom ;—*
and the *Bogino*.

VII. *She Rose and let me in ;—A dawn of Hope.*

XI. XVII, and XLVII. *Gilderoy.*

XII. *Bonny Jean.*

XIV. *Logan Water.*

LXIII. LXVII, and LXXIII. *Tweed-side.*

XLI. *Gallant Grahams.*

LXXX. *Birks of Invermay.*

The Flowers of the Forest and *Sweet Annie*, answer well to many of the long Metre Songs. The rest are to particular Tunes, as follows.

Song XVI. As the Old 112 Psalm, a new Tune to the 113 Psalm,—*Birmingham and Oakham Tunes.*

XX. *Gaberlunzie Man.*

XXIV. *Alloa House, and Yellow Hair'd Laddie.*

XXV. *The Jew*,—113 Psalm Tune, (*Bremner's Collection*), 3d and 4th lines repeated.

XXIX. *Busy Fly.*

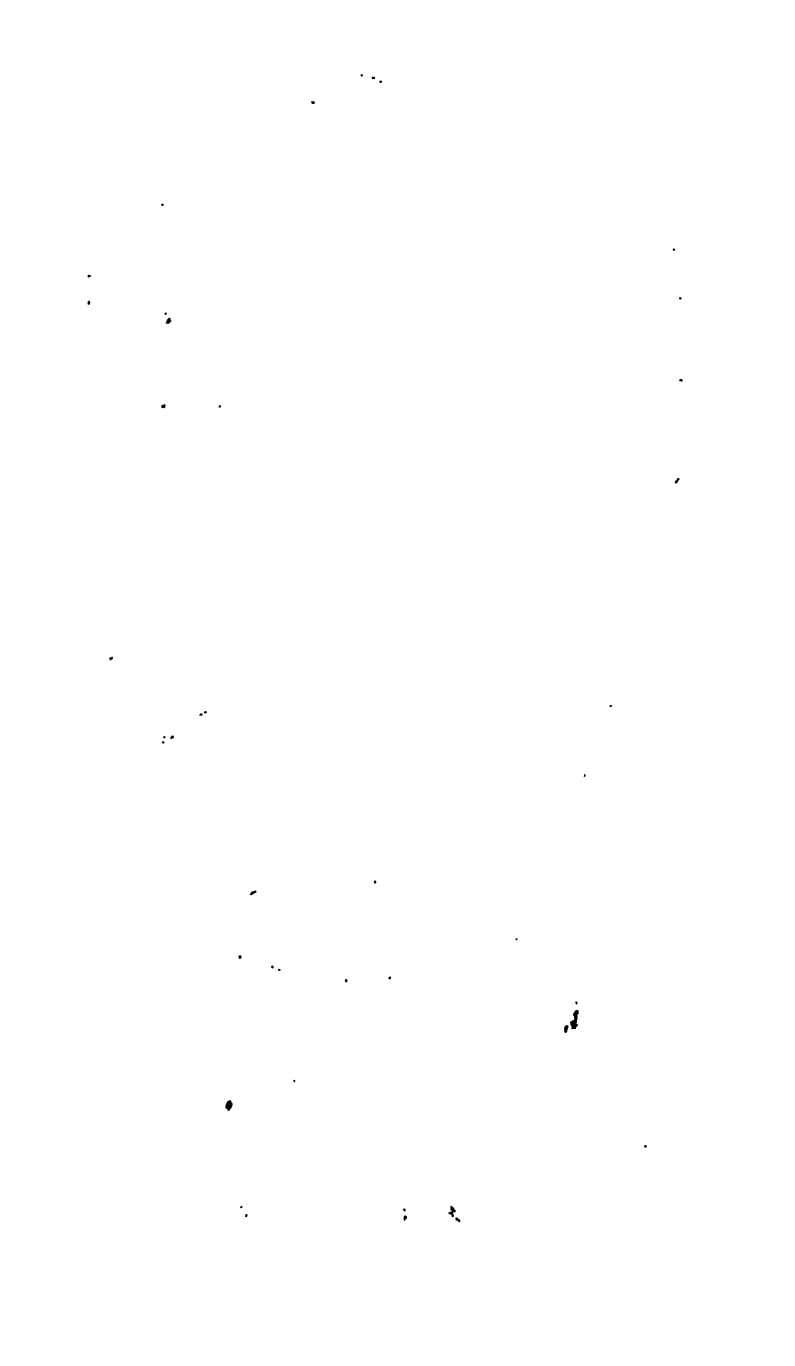
XXX. As the 16th.

I N D E X.

- XXXIII. *Love is the Cause of my Mourning.*
- XXXV. & XXXVI. *French Air.*
- XL. As the 24th.
- XLIII. As the 24th, or *The Braes of Balendean.*
- XLIV. *New 50th Psalm Tune.*
- XLV. *Waters parted from the Sea.*
- LII. *Let Ambition fire thy mind.*
- LIV. *Black Eyed Susan.*
- LIX. As the 52d.
- LXII. Do.
- LXV. *Leander on the Bay.*
- LXX. *Hail Green Fields.*
- LXXI. *Easter Hymn (Christ our Lord is ris'n to Day.)*
- LXXV. As the 16th, or *Thirsty Fly.*
- LXXVII. *Flowers of the Forest.*
- LXXXI. As the 54th.
- LXXXIV. *Gallaehiels.*
- LXXXVII. *An thou wert my ain thing.*
- XC. *Lafs of Patie's Mill.*
- XCI. *Fame let thy trumpet sound.*
- XCII. *Carle an the King come.*

E L E G I E S.

- I. *Gypsy Laddie.*
- II. *Gallant Grahams.*
- III. *Isle of Kell—Low down among the Broom.*
- IV. V. VI, & VII. the same.
- VIII. *The Highland Laddie.*
- X. As the 2d.
- XI. Do.







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